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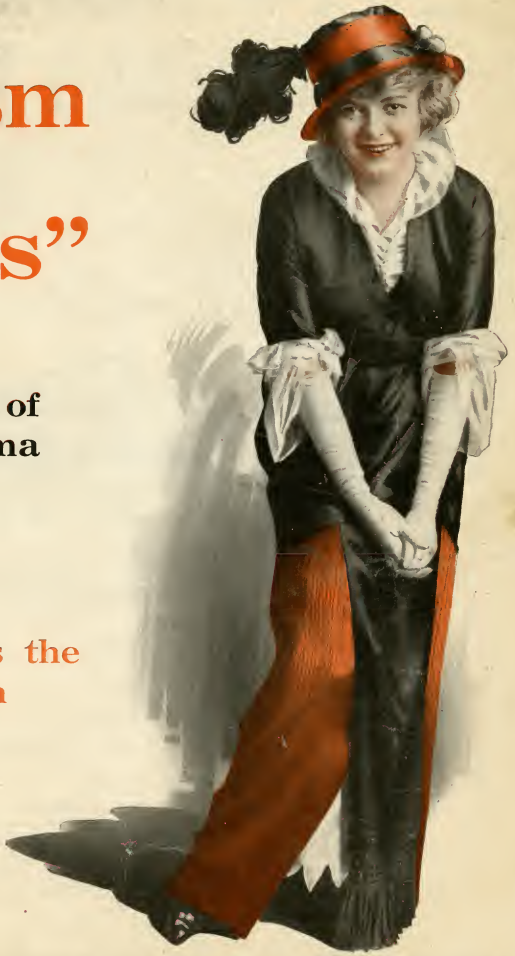

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The MOVIE PICTORIAL

The National Movie Publication

Published Twice a Month by the Cloud Publishing Company, Chicago

Publishers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and PHOTOPLAY SCENARIO

Edited by Roy S. Hanford **C. W. Garrison, Managing Editor**

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NEXT ISSUE

The World's Youngest Dare-Devil and His Thrilling Work in the Movies.

TO give you, our readers, the best possible service and quality in mechanical and editorial make-up, with a timeliness that is not forced, a degree of excellence that will always elicit a fresh and spontaneous interest and never become wearisome, and a frequency of issue that six months of intensive and expensive pioneering in the making of magazines has shown to be best adjusted to the POPULAR interest in motion pictures, "Movie Pictorial" will hereafter be published twice a month.

The publication dates are the first and fifteenth of each month.

Every subscription will be extended so that the subscriber in each case receives the same number of copies he would have received on the weekly basis.

We are in the market for—*and will pay on acceptance for*—ideas, articles, stories, photographs, humorous sketches, in fact, anything with a motion picture or entertainment interest that you—as a reader of the "Movie Pictorial"—have reason to believe will be interesting to other readers.

THE EDITOR.

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NEXT ISSUE

A Whole Lot of Live New Features of Special Interest to *You.*

THE MOVIE PICTORIAL should be on sale at all newsstands on the first and fifteenth of each month. Readers unable to get the magazine on that day will confer a favor by notifying the Circulation Manager. By instructing their nearest news-dealer to reserve them a copy of THE MOVIE PICTORIAL, readers will avoid finding the magazine "sold out."

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Address all communications and make remittances to

THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

8 So. Dearborn Street, CHICAGO

Read About This New Department in The Movie Pictorial

UNDER THE TITLE OF

THE MUSIC STORY

A Department for Musical Interpretation of Moving Pictures

THE MOVIE PICTORIAL believes that the *best* is none too good for the great and growing nation-wide family of moving picture patrons; that this *best* means better pictures, better presentation, realism, more harmonious surroundings, and *better music*.

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Mr. Exhibitor

—you who are anxious and determined to give your patrons the greatest enjoyment, *take notice* that we are going to *help you* go farther along the path of providing your patrons with the greatest satisfaction possible —the trail that leads to the general acclamation that it is a *treat* to patronize your theatre. We *cordially warn* you to watch this new department in MOVIE PICTORIAL!

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To Be Edited by One Who Knows

Mabel Bishop Wilson, graduate of the Chicago Musical College, under Rudolph Ganz, the eminent Swiss pianist, teacher, student, music-lover, who has had several years' experience as a picture accompanist, will conduct this department. Watch, from issue to issue. Don't miss a single number, because you *need* this new department!

Commences in Oct. 15th Issue—Watch!

THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

VOLUME I CHICAGO, OCTOBER 1, 1914 NUMBER 21

An Empire's Call to Arms

By CAPTAIN W. ROBERT FORAN
(LATE OF THE BRITISH ARMY)

THE Gods of War have been turned loose!

No less than seven great nations of the world are simultaneously battling for their very existence—for the peace of the world. Europe is trembling under the steady tramp of fifteen millions of soldiers; the four seas are hunted by fleets of dreadnoughts, battleships, cruisers, and destroyers; the upper air hums with the song of aircraft. It is war at $12,000,000 a day—the most stupendous struggle of all the centuries.

And above din of preparation, the rumble of advancing armies, and the roar of battle has sounded a clear, clarion call—"Wake up, Empire! Rally round the Motherland!" The British lion has shaken himself, roared, and called to his young. The time has come!

Some years ago King George of England—then Prince of Wales—stirred the British Empire with his slogan—"Wake up, England!" England has now awakened, grim and resolute, to the needs of the Empire. She makes no loud, blatant boast of what she will do and what she will not do. She has not lost neither her poise nor her balance. "Business as usual" greets you everywhere—but always beside the sign, flames Earl Kitchener's "call to arms." England knows it is her hour of dread, the most crucial period in her history; but she cheers not, neither does she wring her hands. The utter self-possession of England is almost incredible—and the British Empire is as England is.

As it was in the hour of the "Black Week" in the later days of 1899, when things looked bad for England in South Africa, so it is now. The Colonies of the greatest Empire on earth have seen the Motherland's need, and the British Imperial Lion is growling to some purpose. The overseas possessions of King George are rallying round the British ensign with ever-rising enthusiasm. What need for conscription, or compulsory military service, when an Empire can so easily, quickly and readily augment the paucity of its regular standing army?

The response to Britain's call has come from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa—from Boers and British alike—from India, from Egypt and all the other portions of the globe that are marked with the scarlet of the British Empire. It is not only coming in men and ships, but also in foodstuffs, money, hospital aid, and the individual handling of the colonial situation by those on the spot. The African Colonies are capturing the German Colonies in the "Dark Continent"; New Zealand is annexing the German Pacific possessions; Australia is aiding the Eastern British fleet with her own navy; Hong Kong, and all the other British colonies in the Far East are taking a hand in the grim game of war to aid the Motherland.

Let foemen beware of a nation whose people are so determined to uphold the might and majesty of their Empire! Let them take heed of the cost of arousing a people whose women do not wail at the sacrifice demanded of them, whose very boys are taking part in the preservation of a great nation's integrity. Britain's deep-seated, firm-rooted patriotism is a thing to marvel at, to glory in and yet, perhaps, not wholly to understand. It is too deep for surface displays; yet it is there in time of need.

In Canada already more than 20,000 able-bodied veterans and trained volunteers have been enrolled in the First Canadian Army Division. At the moment of writing the Dominion has more than filled the Second Division, and men are clamoring to enlist in the third, the fourth and even in the tenth division. The first regiment has already set sail for the front—the Princess Patricia's Light Infantry, which is composed of over a thousand Boer war veterans, raised and maintained in the field through the personal generosity of A. Hamilton Gault of Montreal. Others will follow quickly, and keep on following as long as there is need for men and Canada has men to send. But not only in men has Canada again demonstrated her loyalty as in the Boer war. She has given her small navy to the use of the Motherland; she has contributed 98,000,000 pounds of flour; the Province of Alberta has given half a million bushels of oats, delivered free on the Atlantic seaboard for use of the Imperial Forces; Quebec has come forward with a free gift of four million pounds of cheese; Patrick Burns of Calgary—the "Cattle King of the Western Plains"—has offered $50,000 to assist in raising a regiment of frontiersmen; New Brunswick, Manitoba, and Calgary have each raised and equipped regiments. Another Montreal citizen has equipped a quick-firing battery at his own expense; and still other patriots have equipped two batteries of artillery. And this is only a beginning!

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General Baden Powell, the Chief of the Boy British Scouts Has Just Called 200,000 Boy Scouts into Service as Scouts and Dispatch Bearers

New Zealand has already actively taken part in the war, for she has seized Apia, of the German Samoan group of islands, from the Kaiser. In addition several magnates of the island have given shiploads of foodstuffs, while the Empire Defence Fund is coming in at the rate of over $50,000 a day. The New Zealand Government has placed its naval forces at the disposal of the British admiralty, and has guaranteed to despatch an armed military force of 10,000 officers and men, to be equipped, maintained and paid for by New Zealand. They have furthermore promised to duplicate this initial force as soon as it is needed.

Australia has given her navy and promised an expeditionary force of some 20,000 men of all arms as a start, to be maintained wholly by the Commonwealth. Other contingents will follow as soon as they can be raised and trained. In addition Australia has prohibited the export of any foodstuffs or cattle to any ports but those of the British Isles.

Nearly every one of the overseas colonies has offered and equipped hospital ships for service with the British navy, and all are sending large contingents of Red Cross doctors and nurses. In Canada the hospital ship will be

© International News Service

Lord Kitchener, Secretary of War, at the Left and Colonel Seeley Leaving the War Office in London

provided by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and the necessary funds are being raised by the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the British Empire in Canada and the United States, so that the ship may lack no modern scientific device or comfort.

Over these colonial troops, that famous British hero, Field Marshal Earl Roberts of Kandahar, will act as Colonel-in-chief. They could scarcely be under better command, and it will cheer the colonials to know such an honor has been done them. Many of them served under this gallant leader when he was gaining the laurels he now wears.

Then, as if this was not sufficient evidence of an Empire's loyalty and enthusiasm in time of danger, comes the news that for the first time in the history of the British Empire, the Indian Forces are to be brought over from the East. They are unquestionably magnificent fighting troops, well-equipped, splendidly efficient, and used to the hardships of war. They have often sought the opportunity to stand shoulder to shoulder with their white comrades outside of the Indian Empire. They could not understand why they were considered fit to fight alongside of British troops in India, and not to fight beside them in the Boer war. They formed part of the China Relief Force in 1900; but in the Boer war all their enthusiastically loyal offers of service were declined. Now they are to have their chance, and to be placed on an equal footing with Tommy Atkins. That they will more than justify their selection to fill the gaps in the British forces, there can be no question. No man who has seen service in war alongside of the Sikhs, Pathans, Rajputs, Punjabis, Afridis, the famous Corps of Guides, the Bengal Lancers, Baluchis, the Bikanirs, and last—but by no means least—the world-famous, sturdy Ghoorkas, can doubt for one single moment that they are loyal and superb soldiers. Sikhs, Brahmins, Mohammedans, Buddhists—all have forgotten caste and religion in the common cause of the Empire's need. It is, to say the least of it, a monument to Britain's just and able rule over her Indian subjects that fifty-seven years after the ghastly Mutiny, the Indian sepoys and sowars have pleaded to be utilized in her defence.

All the native rulers have set a noble example of patriotism by offering spontaneously all the military and financial resources of their kingdoms to the British government. Such whole-souled, and possibly unexpected, generosity must stir all British men and women. It is a complete and irrefutable vindication of her humanity and civilization and of the justice of her rule. The mere fact that some of the Indian princes have made a gift of $2,500,000 for the use of the troops in the field speaks for itself. But the generosity does not stop there. Other lesser potentates have come forward with donations in keeping with their exchequers. The Indian Empire has set aside to-day all thoughts of religious, political and other differences to unite in one common cause—that of the British Empire's safety.

Now, having seen what the children of the Empire are doing, it is more than interesting to see what the Motherland is accomplishing. On every hand the sane, calm deliberate minds in England are urging upon the public the necessity of looking the crisis straight in the eye and rising to the occasion. The British public scarcely needed this urging; it is fully alive to the need. It has realized that victory can only come through the sacrifice of many men. It is prepared to make this sacrifice without a murmur. Great Britain is by no means at the end of her resources. So far her army in the field is only a portion of her home force; she has as many regulars again in the British Isles. Overseas in foreign service she has as many or more regular troops as she has at home. Then there are the special reserve (lately called the Militia), the territorials, the Colonials, the Indian army, the various African and other native armed forces, the Egyptians and the Sudanese, the volunteers—and now the new army, Kitchener's army.

Of all the nations at war, Great Britain can alone keep on bringing new men into the field—and she is ready to do it. As fast as they can be trained they will be sent forward to the firing line; others will re-inforce them continually; and in the end she will have more than two million fighting men in the field. At the rate of the present harvest of death among the Germans, the struggle must eventually come down to one of numerical strength. England can keep up this end of the game for years. Lord Kitchener, in his deliberate and businesslike statement on the situation, has said that the struggle will continue for three years at least. The British Empire and the flower of her manhood is ready for the ordeal and does not flinch; she is possessed by only one idea, the idea of ultimately wearing out and crushing German militarism—the menace of Europe.

The first call to the nation was for Kitchener's new army of 100,000. The answer must have been a surprise to the world, for 97,000 answered the call within twenty-four hours. The men are being enlisted for three years or for the duration of the war, and the response has been spontaneous and instant. Not only has a new army of six divisions been recruited in a day, but all the special reserve regiments and all the Territorials have volunteered their services.

Once more the call has been sounded, "More men wanted!" and the answer has been just as surprising. And while the men are rushing to the colors to take up arms for the Motherland in the time of her great emergency and danger, patriotic employers all over the British Isles are co-operating extensively. One of the largest carriage works in England has donated the special equipment of a battery of heavy field-guns; a huge biscuit manufacturing company, instead of dismissing its 14,000 girl factory hands on account of the stoppage of the export trade, has turned these 14,000 women into garment-makers for the soldiers and their families left at home—the firm supplying in addition all the material and bearing all the expense; practically all the other large firms in the British Isles have undertaken to look after the families of those of their employees who have gone to the front. The large colliery firms have donated over 350,000 tons of coal for the relief of suffering families left bereft of support by the war.

The Prince of Wales' National Relief fund has already exceeded $10,000,000 and is steadily growing larger, even the poor people donating their mites to swell the total. From every hand come offers of fully-equipped hospitals and hospital ships, the use of historic mansions and homes for the sick and wounded. Most of these offers include the expense of maintenance and equipment, as well as personal service.

The quiet but determined rush to enlist in Kitchener's second army remains unabated. The "fine flower" of the country is responding to the call in a steady stream and, as it is passed by the medical examining board goes forth into the parks and squares to be drilled in its civilian dress by khaki-clad sergeants of the regular army. In physique and spirit these men are the equals of the regular army now bearing the brunt of the German attack in France. They can be depended upon to shed the last drop of their blood in the defence of the Empire. They are actuated by the same slogan, adopted by their comrades in arms in France—"Are we downhearted? No-o-o-o-o-o! Shall we win? Ye-e-e-e-e-es!" They are keen, silent and determined.

And the women? They are silent and dry-eyed, too. The declaration

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Thousands of Motorcyclists of London Rallied to the Call for Dispatch Bearers in the British Army

of war meant desolation to most of them. Instead of crying and wringing their hands, they sent their husbands, fathers, brothers and sweethearts to the nation's aid. They encouraged them with a sad smile; and then they set to work to help the Empire in their own way—a woman's way. What they spoke to their souls only God heard.

The business men are forming into regiments of their own, stubborn and adamantlike in their calm. Those who are too old to serve, or incapacitated through reasons of health—the rich and the poor alike—all are doing their bit for Empire. If they can't actively serve the colors, then they take care of the neglected families of the soldiers; if the ranks of the keepers of law and order are called to the front, then actors, doctors and others take their place as policemen. Everyone is doing something for the cause; and God help the man who is not. Recognizing the need for more men, always more men, Lord Roberts and most of the cabinet ministers are rushing round the country addressing mass meetings and urging the need of service upon the people. But that the latter do not require much urging as is evidenced by the magnificent response to the first two "calls to arms."

As Lord Roberts said at one of these meetings, "The women must not stand in the light of their sons' and husbands' duty." That is the keynote of the whole situation—women must gladly and heroically sacrifice their loved ones. England is engaged in a life and death struggle, for defeat would mean shame, ruin and slavery. The man who does not enlist or does not do his share in the time of great national need, will never be able to hold up his head again.

And then the Boy Scouts! At last they have fully justified their organization and are being extremely useful. They have come forward to a boy and are undertaking what is ordinarily a man's work. They are not being found wanting.

But the greatest surprise of all to England, and most probably to Germany, lies in the fact that dis-united Ireland is once more united in the common cause of Empire. The first offer of service came from Ulster, which unconditionally placed 20,000 armed men and machine guns at the service of the War Office. Their generous offer was no sooner made than the Irish Nationalists' Volunteers performed a like praiseworthy and generous act. All differences on the subject of Home Rule for Ireland have been laid as long as the National danger exists.

The British Empire is a queer thing, difficult of understanding by the outsider. In times of peace the integral parts of it appear ready to spring at each other's throats; but in war, what a change! "I won't take back a single harsh thing I ever said against you," says Ireland stubbornly, "but for the love of Mike O'Flannigan show me the despicable enemy that I may lick him for you." And so the round of the story goes, round the quarter of the earth which is the British Empire.

"Count on us to the limit, Motherland," the whole Empire calls with a sincerely loyal heart. But she does not rest at the shouting of her sentiments; she has acted.

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Thirty Thousand Canadian Troops are Now Under Canvas at the Valcartier Mobilization Camp at Quebec. They will Soon Leave for the Scene of Action in Europe

Movies and the Spoken Drama

ONE OF the first legitimate directors to abandon the theatre for the studio was Cecil B. De Mille, who, one year ago, after fifteen years of activity in the spoken drama, became director general with the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company.

When asked why he had forsaken the spoken drama for the silent, Mr. De Mille compared the theatrical production with the motographic play. In the comparison the legitimate suffers.

"The scope of the photoplay," says Mr. De Mille, "is so much wider than that of the legitimate. We do things instead of acting them. When a big effect is necessary, such as the burning of a ship, blowing up a mine, wrecking a train, we do not have to resort to trickery—we do it. If it is necessary to burn a house to gain atmospherical effect, we do not employ the time honored lycopodium torches. We buy the house and burn it. We do not have stage firemen with ill fitting uniforms; we engage the fire department. We secure a battalion of police to keep the ever present perfectly proper mob in restraint, and if necessary for the effect we call out the National Guard.

"If we have a great physical struggle to stage in the legitimate we would have to so arrange the 'business' that the actors participating would not be in any way injured, as the struggle would have to be portrayed each night and at matinees. In the photoplay struggle, where the struggle is played but once, the combat is real, and aside from the victor being assured, the fight rings true.

"Each scene is set, each actor and actress engaged with a view to fidelity to race or type to be portrayed. Every characteristic of a race must be shown. In the case of 'The Call of the North,' eighteen Tiger tribe Indians were used. Los Angeles abounds in Indians, but the type did not fit the picture, and Stuart Edward White journeyed to Canada, procured a Dominion permit and brought the Indians all the way to Hollywood.

"Dramatic expression can better be brought out on the screen than on the boards. This is due to the long explanation to which the dramatist is frequently required to report, which is shown on the screen in action. For instance, in 'The Call of the North' Ned tells how he rescued Picard from the deadly bear trap. In the picture Ned is seen trapped and helpless, and the vivid scene of his being rescued forms a basic portion of the plot. It is shown in a flash, whereas in the drama a long verbal explanation was necessary.

"If the star of a play is feeling ill his performance on that night is inferior to that on the preceding. This is of course eliminated in the screen play.

"In 'The Virginian' we need a deep water hole in a certain river, which upon investigation proved too shallow for our purpose. It was intended to have a stage cross, plunge into the hole and become fast in the mire. Being eighty miles from a railroad or habitation the question how to create a water hole was overcome by the cowboys stripping to the hips, making harness of their lariats and using the bowl of the camp stove. Within two hours a hole six feet deep and twenty-five feet square was made, and the scene taken with the coach submerged to the roof.

"Each actor gets a lecture once a day on the knowledge of chemistry and photography, and unless the applicant for position possesses a fair knowledge of the rudiments of the art of acting his or her application is not even considered. The same construction is used in writing scenarios as that used in the manuscript of a play. Lighting effects are easier than on the stage, for we use the moon and the sun for the required tones.

"Some idea of the extent we go to to secure just the atmosphere can be got from the following incident:

"In the third reel of 'The Call of the North' Virginia sends her father a plug of tobacco for Christmas. After the scene was made Stuart Edward White suddenly remembered that paper was the scarcest commodity in the Dog River district and that no one would think even for an instant of using a piece of precious paper to wrap a plug of tobacco, so the scene was retaken and the tobacco delivered in its native wrapping only.

"Wilfred Buckland, our artistic director, assembles the various working crews (sixty men and women) and talks to them on act and stage dressing and the influence of stage properties on the mind. Before an artist is used in a production they are posed before 100 feet of film in every possible position, and unless they 'screen' well they are not used.

Directors are required to go further into details in the screen production than the legitimate, for nothing escapes the camera eye, while the average theatre patron, wrapped in its dialogic action, will overlook an occasional scenic or property error, but not so the movie patron, for he is as keen for detail as the producer."

Realism

IN the taking of an Eclair picture, the scenario called for a piece of business wherein a sheriff's posse had pursued three Mexicans to the edge of a dangerous cliff and, on the threat of dropping a huge boulder on them, forced them to surrender.

The scene was rehearsed two or three times and the boulder in question, which took two men to handle, was rolled into place and stopped in its descent just as the Mexicans agreed to surrender. The third time, which meant the actual taking of the picture, when the Eclair artists go to this part of the scene, the boulder slipped and the picture plainly shows that it was caught in mid-air and held by the projecting pieces of rock which jutted out from a crevice in the cliffs; otherwise at least one of the actor's lives would have been forfeited by the crashing down upon them of the huge piece of rock.

Modern "Old Curiosity Shops"

One of the Most Important Factors in Picture Making

By WILLIAM LORD WRIGHT

James Coristine, Who Plays an Important Part in the Manufacture of Lubin Dramas. He has Charge of Properties Worth Thousands of Dollars

Polyscope Company in Chicago is filled to overflowing with the materials for setting any and every sort of exterior; huge pillars of papier mache, fronts of dwellings, of stores, of hotels, dilapidated houses, log cabins. There are vehicles of every description from a luxurious limousine car to a prairie schooner; there is a fire engine, hook and ladder, hose cart—a complete fire department; and there is even a big cement pond, on the edge of which any sort of shore scenery can be set up, with property boats that sink, or break in two, or float or do any other stunt required of them. This cast is used less and less frequently as it is usually easier to ship the company to the scenery instead of bringing the scenery to the company.

Many of the Pacific Coast studios have mammoth property rooms, as have the Vitagraph, Edison, Biograph and other eastern concerns.

To inventory the Lubin property room would take up pages and pages of this magazine. There are, for instance, weapons of every age, from the cross-bows of the time of William Tell, and the carbines and blunderbusses of Cromwell's period, down to the graceful and wonderful modern guns evolved by Messrs. Colt and Smith and Wesson. There are rapiers that have crossed and slithered in many an ancient tavern brawl. You may find a scimitar that has hung across the thighs of a Mamaluke, or a cutlass from the deck of a frigate. In the "props" you may also find kitchen stoves of latest design, as well as the andirons, cranes, pothooks and kettles for equipping a property fireplace of 1776. You will find too, every kind of clock that was ever made, from a Jacobean grandfather's clock to a baby Ben alarm. Some of the clocks are very valuable; one particularly magnificent clock, I know, is worth $4,000.

And the furniture to be found in the Lubin "props" Department would delight the eye of the most carping collector! There is furniture—genuine, too—of the periods of Louis IV, Louis XV and XVI. There are carboys of the Revolutionary period in American history, and old buffets which in past years have graced the homes of many a grand Colonial dame. You will find all the furnishings for a twentieth century millionaire's drawing room rubbing elbows with the primitive benches and tables of a peasant's hut; or the simple necessities for a little Japanese lady's boudoir.

And the Master of Properties is no small factor in the success or failure of a feature film production. He it is who is responsible for the "properties" called for by the motion picture play director. If a Civil War drama is to be staged, the master of properties must bring forth uniforms and arms of the period of '61-'65, and the sort of furniture and the pictures that graced the rooms of the Virginia homestead "befo' th' war." All must be correct, and must be delivered expeditiously and without friction.

James Coristine is the Master of Properties for the Lubin Film Manufacturing Co., of Philadelphia. He is in complete charge of and responsible for the Old Curiosity Shop that would be worthless in any other industrial branch, but which cost a fortune to gather in order that the silent drama may

Making Plaster Casts in the Lubin Property Department for a Feature Production

ONE of the most unique features in the world of art is the property room of a big motion picture studio. Dickens' description of the "Old Curiosity Shop" barely suggests this astonishing place. The property rooms of the large manufacturers of films would furnish many such curiosity shops.

There is hardly anything in the discard that is not welcome in the property room. A broken vase may lie on the top shelf for years until a broken vase is required in a photoplay scene, and "props" has got it; if he had not, it would take a half day for one of his assistants to go out and find one. The master of properties and the "props" are valuable acquisitions in Filmland.

Movie makers have invested hundreds of thousands of dollars in their property departments. Properties are prime essentials in the art of photoplay making and the fate of a situation, or even of an entire production, may rest upon the proper placing of some small inanimate object.

The entire plot of a play may rest upon the disposal of a dagger, a vase, the finding of a letter, the hanging of a picture, or the discovery of a small article of jewelry.

William N. Selig recently expended the sum of $50,000 in cold cash for a large quantity of scenery and props which he purchased from Chicago theatres. The big yard of the Selig

This View of the Lubin Property Room Gives One Some Idea of the Vast Amount and the Great Variety of Work This Department is Called Upon to Do

be correctly produced. Mr. Coristine, as is all Masters of Properties, is an important factotum at Bentzwood. He says this about his work:

"The head property man is a 'somebody,' often an autocrat. He will set the scene that the plot calls for and will often surprise the Director with, for instance, a perfect butcher shop having real 'for-sure' meats, or a section of a department store with a thousand dollars worth of the latest fabrics. The men in the Property Department must be butchers and bakers and candlestick makers. If something turns up that is not in the studio prop list, it is up to the property man and his aides to find it or to manufacture it, and they do both. They rarely 'fall down' on an order. 'Props' is one of the most valuable aids to the manager of the studio, who sometimes is half crazy with the problem of filling the requirements for a photoplay scene. The property department is called upon and very soon harmony is brought out of chaos. The most troublesome thing called for may be a church of solid gold, but 'props' quietly remarks that he has just the one wanted in his room and the studio manager gives a sigh of relief and inwardly resolves that 'props' is a wonder and his property room a treasure shop."

The masters of properties in the various film studios do not get credit on film, poster or in the magazines, but nevertheless many a film production of unusual merit would have been a pitiful thing indeed if it hadn't been for the "props" manufactured, begged or borrowed so enthusiastically by the Master of Properties and his fellow artists.

Artists? Certainly, "props" and his good men and true, are artists. It is they who set the scenes, and if they can't buy what they need they make it, whether it's a bit of statuary or a gothic cathedral. And to do this they have to be real artists!

The Making of the Props for the Big Universal Production of "Samson and Delilah" Took Several Months; the Work Was All Destroyed in a Few Minutes When the Picture was Taken

William N. Selig Recently Expended the Huge Sum of $50,000 for Different Sets of Scenery. This View of the East End of the Selig Yard Affords Some Idea of the Amount of Props that are Kept Constantly on Hand

The Pictures Below Represent Only Two Little Corners of the Lubin Property Room. In These Rooms it is Possible to Find Articles of Modern Use as Well as Those that were Used as Far Back as There are Authentic Records of the Customs of the Early People

Abduction of Annette Kellermann

MANAGER HARMEYER of the Fine Arts Theatre, Chicago, says he is getting gray-headed because "somebody is always stealing Annette Kellermann." The abduction of this graceful and shapely Diana of the waves is accomplished through her striking photographs.

Manager Harmeyer nailed down the fascinating reproductions of Annette's perfect form in the lobby display frame and the big brass-headed nails convey a sense of irremovable security to the beautiful photos.

Nevertheless every few days some rash and fervent admirer of Neptune's Daughter's seductive configurations steals silently and quietly up to the display frame in a moment of fleeting solitude and deftly removes Annette Kellermann from the board to a more private sanctuary of worship.

It is a historic fiction among masculine romancers that ladies love to be snatched, seized and violently abducted by a love-mad male, and perhaps the next best thing to the personal experience of this beatific violence is to have it done to your photographs. And so Miss Kellermann may thank both her maker and the Camera Man that she enjoys by proxy the highest feminine ecstasy in being Lochinvared in the 20th Century at the Fine Arts Theatre.

J. R. Walling—Movie Magnate

XI—The Adventures of the Red Sevens

By RICHARD J. HENDERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

THE SPIRIT of scheming was upon Jack Walling like a hound on the spoor of a fox. Financial events had swung around in his direction sufficiently to give him a breathing spell. For the first time in months, he sat before his own hearth, with the fire sputtering as the flames climbed the maple logs. One of the sources of Jack's satisfaction was that Dolly was not being bombarded by suitors. Leastwise, he was convinced this was the case, because Bobby had been stricken with scarlet fever, and had arrived at the "peeling" stage, with sister Dolly in quarantine. Dolly needed the rest, so what was the difference? True, admirers could call up by 'phone, but Miss Ewing's disposition was such that even a voice from the outer world was a challenge to her—and the conversation was of fleeting duration. Momentarily Walling was contented. However, his intellect demanded action, and his cerebral activities took the form of planning and plotting.

Kamurakanolacka—Kam for short—the recently acquired Nipponese valet, who wouldn't eat sauerkraut or frankfurters because they were German dishes, blinked on his stool beside the crackling logs. Kam was dreaming of an almond-eyed maid somewhere across the mighty Pacific, and his peaceful countenance soothed Jack immeasurably; that and poor Dolly Ewing's enforced stay-at-homeness.

"As much expression as a June-bug," Walling chuckled, viewing the stolidly placid face of Kam. "They can think of angels or devils and never put a wrinkle in their strange masks!"

Suddenly a tongue of flame licked up the bark of a log, like a lizard on a rock. It caught the inflammable material and pursuing the trail of least resistance, assumed the outlines of the numeral 7. Thrice it did this, and Jack's imaginative eyes became large.

"Kam!" he called softly. One oriental orb opened and gazed curiously at Walling. Then the other vision-shutter expanded, and the Jap was awake. "When the fire forms the figure 7 and does that three times, what does it signify?"

In replying, Kam did not say, "the honorable seven," or anything else immortalized by his "school-boy" relatives. Kam was a Yale graduate—and generally carried a Yale-lock on his secretive jaws. For reasons best known to himself, he was in the hire of Walling, whom he adored next to Buddha—possibly above that dignitary of the skies.

"Scientifically speaking," Kam yawned wearily, "I would suggest that the bark that had reached the point of combustion first had been fashioned in the form of a seven. However, setting aside science, which is sometimes irksome, I might almost prophesy that it presaged great good fortune. To be honest, master, if there is anything I'd rather see than seven, repeated thrice, it is a maiden in far-away Nippon. Even a little brown man can feel the love-germ!" Kam sighed, and Walling rubbed his hands, because for once his own adorable lady was held fast by the law!

The 'phone summoned the valet, and he answered indifferently. Then he motioned to Walling, who strolled over to the small table in the corner of his library as though time itself were on a holiday. "Yes," he drawled dreamily. But the lethargy departed at what he heard.

"What's that, Mrs. Ewing? Dolly gone? Impossible! Broke her quarantine and is out with a man? Good heavens! Gone since noon? Woe is me—and us!"

Around the corners of Kam's usually immobile mouth, there was the flicker of a smile. He knew. When a fellow gets to gloating over a girl, and is quite

"Yes Indeed," Jack Replied, "It Would Be Funny If *We* Started a *Romance*"

sure of her, something happens. Kam might have been a respectable banker in Yokahoma had he not eaten his heart out because of the indifference of "Lady Bird," as he called her. But women are women, and at any rate, Kam's jealousy had brought him to the States and had given him an education. Maybe it was this bond of fellow-suffering that had held him so fast to Walling, whose heart was eaten as full of holes as a Swiss cheese—for worry over Dolly.

Jack paced the floor in pent-up anger. He could see his sweetheart dashing along gayly and madly in an automobile, eloping with some earth-worm of a rival. That's one safe bet about rivals; they're never any good. Although they have sufficient good taste to fall in love with your girl, they are villains, to a man. Should one's rival be a barber, all barbers are evil to the end of time; should he be a lawyer, all lawyers are beyond redemption.

As a matter of fact, Dolly was in her own home, and had prevailed upon her unwilling mother to telephone this little deceit. She was well aware that Jack Walling gloated over her enforced seclusion, and she willed that he should suffer for it.

Unable to bear the suspense any longer, Walling called up the Ewing home. Dolly answered!

"You!" Jack exclaimed with a quiver. Dolly pretended to be out of breath as though she had just raced up the rear stairs.

"Oh!" she puffed laboriously, "I nearly got caught. Not—not by you, but by a health officer. I wasn't out with a man at all. Besides, if you weren't afraid of scarlet fever, you'd come over to see me, and get quarantined here, too." Then, while Jack sought to quiet her assumed hysteria, she hung up the receiver.

He was peeved slightly, but relieved beyond computation. His measure of relief more than offset his mental turmoil—and Kam, divining the processes of thought vs. emotion, because he had been through it himself, smiled again in his inscrutable way.

All of which led Walling back to the figure 7. As they say in fiction, thereon hangs a tale.

It was weeks later when Chicagoans, trundling on surface cars and elevated trains, tried to blink the ever-present, obsessing 7 from their sight. It was always a flaring red 7—sometimes taking up a 24-sheet stand, again as a street car card, or smeared in limitless quantities on fences, garages, sides of stores and wherever full-sheet and half-sheet posters could be pasted.

They read it in newspaper columns. It was printed on menu-cards at cafes—that everflaunting 7 that was driving bookkeepers to distraction. Did a business man play with a pencil, he started to write rows of 7's. If a housewife called a 'phone number, she asked for something starting with seven. The beginning and end of Arabic configuration was—7!

This infernally persistent monster had received its birth in the wandering flames of a grate that traced their way across the surface of innocent maple logs. While it endured, it was Chicago's enigma; also the city's newest madness.

School children took up the idea and spread it on sidewalks and buildings. Now and then an inscription accompanied the numeral, such as, "What de deuce is it?" But in any "teaser" advertising scheme, there is always a danger-point. The greatest wonder can soon lose its force, and does forfeit its power as soon as the community grows accustomed to it and takes it for granted. That means that the advertising value of a "teaser" idea must be utilized at the proper moment if it is to be cashed.

After two solid weeks of this provoker of curiosity and wrath, the bill-boards and street car cards and newspaper announcements went to stage-the-second. The legend that now appeared was this:

7
The 7 Mysteries of
the Mullah
7

Who or what was "the Mullah"—a cigarette—a cigar—a new breakfast fodder—a politician—or what? Then the minds of the multitude were obliged to start all over, seek to assimilate this most recent assault of the mystic 7. That it belonged to the original 7 was apparent. It was the same style of numeral, occupying the same relative position on the bill-boards. Although winter was sending its gusts from the region of Polaris, the streets were free from snow. Volplaning newspapers took its place and dust was fanned into the habitually squinting eyes of the throng. For all that, nobody missed seeing the seven motorcyclists garbed in oriental robes, with black stage beards and walnut complexions. On the back and breast of each robe was—7.

All these "Mullahs" had to do was dart hither and thither, and toot their fiendish horns, and add to the insomnia of a great city, by virtue of their association with the mystic characters that had been on the nerves of Chicago these several weeks.

After about ten days of this second step in the "progressive unfoldment publicity plan," as Jack Walling christened it, the third step manifested itself.

The announcements now read:

7
The 7 Mysteries of
the Mullah
at 77
Movie Houses
7 Days a Week.
Announcements in the
7 Newspapers—
Tribune, Herald, Examiner, American,
Journal, News, Post!

At any rate, Jack Walling was discriminating. He was impartial when it came to newspapers. Once a man has been roasted by the press, he is far-seeing in dealing with editors. That explains why, in different bill-board advertising, each paper was given first and last place in turn. Few souls were so calloused that their possessors refused to look for the newspaper announcements or refrained from reading them once they were found.

Just what the advertisements said, may be interesting in passing. Anything that suggests life to the great game of the movies should be gripping, because the ordinary exhibitor believes that he is cramped for ways and means, whereas he hasn't passed through the front gate. Jack Walling says so, and Jack borrowed his ideas from the mighty business of advertising, which is still an infant, but so healthy a tot that it makes ordinary giants look knee-high. This, at any rate, was the first flaring announcement:

7
The 7 Mysteries of
the Mullah!
No. 1 is of 2 Reels and is
entitled:
The Mystery of the Mullah's
Sapphire!
$500 Reward for the Return
of the Sapphire!
For full facts, inquire at the
box offices of the
following theaters in Chicago,
after the names of which are
the release dates.

This announcement appeared on Sunday, and the balance of the week, the ads were based on the $500 reward.

The idea—plan—plot—motif—of the Mullah's adventures, rested on this foundation-rock. In the first mystery, a sapphire played the important part. This sapphire vanished—and it was hidden somewhere in Chicago. The Mullah himself told just where it was hidden. He stood face-forward on the screen and said it. That was the cue for the deaf-mutes. However, Mr. Walling had neglected to mention that the Mullah's language was not English! Nor was it German, French or any of the other popular tongues. It was not Greek, Latin, Sanscrit or Indian. It was sign language. Every mute who watched the Mullah, swore that he said, "Seven, seven, seven," then paused and said, "Seven, seven." That was English, right enough, but it was a symbol language. It was a sort of code message—not 777 Seventy-seventh street! For the time we shall pass it by, because the sapphire has long since been found and the reward claimed and paid. A girl of seventeen years solved it, which proves that we are always looking for very difficult things, and overlooking the simple affairs.

Each "Mullah" picture carried its reward. It was always based on finding something—or, more properly, some cheap article that symbolized something of greater value. But invariably the numeral 7 entered into it. Sometimes it was three sevens, again seven sevens—but 7 was the key. The person who was sure he or she had won was to go to whatever place seemed to be correct, and demand in this manner: "I am the lucky Mullah—give me seven!"

It sounded simple enough, and anybody who needs five hundred dollars will say things more foolish than that to get it. Men and women have married one another for less likely bait.

At the end of seven weeks, the unclaimed rewards amounted to seven times $500 or $3,500, and Chicago was rapidly classifying Jack Walling as a heartless grafter.

"Jack, I think it's a shame to play a joke like that on a whole city full of innocent persons," Dolly complained one day.

"But I haven't played a trick on anybody," Walling protested with an air of injured innocence. "True, there isn't so much profit in it for us with those rewards to pay, but think of what it will mean to our next production. Say, that little Japanese actress is just what we've been looking for. They have such sad faces—like pensive daschunds or—"

Kam was coming toward them, so Walling ceased his levity. The Jap valet seemed to be wantonly happy. In truth, he had just viewed an exhibition of the new production and the appearance of the little Jap maiden had stirred some new madness in his heart. But what it was, Kam didn't purpose to reveal.

"Wouldn't it be funny if we had started a romance," Dolly mused, as she watched Kam go from the theatre with an exaggerated gayness to his jaunty swing.

"Yes, indeed," Jack replied, "it would be funny if we started a romance. Now, look here, Dolly—" and Walling's voice was husky and purposeful.

"Oh!" Miss Ewing interrupted, "I've been forgetting all about my dressmaker. Good-bye, Jack; I'll see you to-morrow."

Walling gloomed after her. How did Dolly always know beforehand that he was about to make love to her? After all, wasn't his own expression more on the daschund order? He gulped hard and essayed a feeble smile, but it hurt the corners of his mouth.

Walling spent another evening in his apartment, because he was heavy of heart. He preferred not to be obliged to parade his forced gaiety among his friends, because every last one of them would know what was wrong. Everybody knew it! His romance was an open secret.

"There are more letters regarding the rewards," Kam stated anxiously, as he helped Walling off with his outer clothing and into his smoking jacket. Walling nodded.

"Mr. Walling has made it too difficult, I fear," and Kam stood at attention. Jack scowled.

"Not at all, Kam," he replied. "It is all based on seven—entirely on seven. Have I not placed it before them often enough? In the first of the series, the Mullah said 'seven' three times and paused; then he spoke 'seven' twice. It's easy. In the second production, the Mullah wrote 'seven' four times—and then wrote the same number four times more. Besides, for fear I might die with a blackened name, remember that the answers are all in the safe."

Kam bowed. He was evidently relieved.

That night, Walling slept soundly—so very soundly that Kam awakened him with difficulty. A young lady wished to see Mr. Walling.

It was past one o'clock in the afternoon, and Jack was astounded at his great lethargy.

The young lady who awaited his coming was demure, sweet, and young. She carried a handbag of some size, and she was evidently nervous.

"Mr. Walling," she began anxiously, "if one person won all the rewards, would it be—honest?"

Jack's head was heavy, there was a buzzing in his ears so that her voice seemed to come from far away, but he managed to say it would be perfectly legitimate.

At this juncture Kam hastened into the room.

"Pardon," he said politely, "but I must go to the cleaners to look after the master's clothes. I had forgotten them." Walling nodded as the Jap departed with drooped shoulders, as though chagrined at his negligence.

The girl had opened the bag and began to pile trinkets upon

Suddenly a Tongue of Flame Licked Up the Bark of a Log Like a Lizard on a Rock

the table. "Well," she observed with a note of strained triumph, "here is the sapphire. It was at 2114 Thirty-fifth street."

"That's right," Walling agreed, blinking hard. "And here is the turquoise. That was at 2828 Fifty-sixth street. I have them all here. When the Mullah spoke or wrote three sevens, that was twenty-one. Then, after a pause, there were two more sevens. That was fourteen, or 2114. All told, there were five sevens; that was 35, or 2114 Thirty-fifth street—and so on with all the rest. Mr. Walling, you owe me thirty-five hundred dollars, in currency."

Walling went to his safe and procured a certified check payable to "cash." He demanded a receipt, arranged for the young lady's picture, which she had for him in anticipation of the request and made an appointment with her for the next day. Then Walling promptly fell into a doze and did not awaken till late in the afternoon. Kam was shaking him vigorously.

For a week, Dolly and Jack tried vainly to find the lucky girl. Somehow, Walling had lost her address. It had all occurred on that frightfully sleepy day, that remained clouded and uncertain to him—particularly since Kam had quit his post—vanished into thin air.

Walling had planned a great deal on using the winners of the rewards in a mighty advertising scheme, but the little girl who had won the certified check had faded from view. Inquiry at the addresses where members of the Sensational Film Company lived or roomed during the reward-hunting days, brought out no new fact. The girl had come, claimed the talismen—and disappeared.

A week later, Walling received a letter from Seattle. This is what it said:

Dear Mr. Walling:

May the Gods be kind to me. When I saw how difficult your plan of rewards was proving and also saw the little Japanese actress in your films, the Devil of gain captured me. The young girl who secured the rewards was the seventeen year old daughter of a lady I boarded with a few months since. I paid her a hundred dollars, plus taxi bills, to follow my directions in winning the money. The key I procured from your safe, after drugging you. But the little Japanese actress made me lonely for "Lady Bird," and today I sail, happy with a cable message from her that simply says, 'Come.' So you see, Mr. Walling, I was a fairly honest crook working for a good cause. I have adopted 7 as my lucky number, and will invoke the blessings of the oriental gods on you and Miss Ewing.

Yours faithfully,

"KAM."

P. S.—The young lady was German. My spirit, therefore, was generous.

"If the oriental gods will hear his plea," Walling murmured, "it would be cheap at a thousand times the price."

"Mr. Walling, You Owe Me Thirty Five Hundred Dollars in Currency"

A Rival to the Phoenicians

THE Phoenicians are accredited by some with the invention of books. Cinematography is an invention that rivals the invention of the Phoenicians made so long ago. Some comical conclusions have been published lately. They appear in certain popular magazines and other publications that print sage arguments and excoriations on motion picture topics. The editors of these publications were long in seeing the light—otherwise the unusual popularity of the motion picture. From present indications many of these editors will be longer in producing motion picture essays and stories such as are contained in the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE which blazed the trail for the others.

We read a magazine article recently which attempted to prove in a lofty manner that motion pictures have retarded the normal growth in the number of readers of books. About three thousand good adjectives were utilized in attempting to show that book reading had dropped off to an alarming extent, and that the number of well read men and women in the coming generation would be considerably less than those numbered in educational circles today.

Now this truly distressing state of affairs is blamed upon cinematography, of course. It is just another item piled upon Christian's Burden and is calculated to bring the art right into the Slough of Despond. But to thinking people the argument is really laughable. It is true that the readers of certain books have turned to motion pictures. It is true that the sales of "Maisey, the Sewing Machine Girl," and volumes of like ilk, and the number of copies of the formerly popular penny dreadfuls have woefully fallen off. Everyone admits this fact. Everyone admits that the readers once partial to the above mentioned class of literature now attend the motion picture theatres. In these theatres they view convincing drama which conveys a lesson; they enjoy clean and spirited comedy; they see and appreciate scenic and industrial films that educate and elevate. Which is best, all-absorption in the pages of a Laura Jean Libbey classic, or seats in the motion picture theatre in this enlightened age?

For the sake of argument we admit that the number of readers of a certain class of literature have decreased within the past three years. We assert on the other hand that the readers of profane and of sacred history and of the world's classic and standard literature have increased. We also state, fearless of successful contradiction, that this important fact from an educational standpoint is directly attributable to cinematography.

The more enlightened Boards of Library trustees will tell you so, and the librarians will inform you that after the showing of a classic at the motion picture theater that requests for the book are unusually numerous. Many demand the classic who previously never knew there was a Bulwer Lytton, a Thackeray, or a Dickens.

After a showing of a picture play dealing with the Napoleonic period, one librarian states that a hurry call had to be sent out for copies of the "Life of Napoleon." Hall Caine's novels arose again in popularity after "The Christian" was so graphically filmed; "Quo Vadis" has been the cause of many reading the great Norwegian novelist's work, and who shall say these readers have not profited thereby? "Pickwick Papers" are rarely read by the general public. Following John Bunny's "Pickwick" films there was a demand for this work which was among the first books written by Dickens and which contains his liveliest satire and keenest humor. The Biblical films have resulted in increased sales of the Book of Books, according to dealers and "Les Miserables" in the pictures has been the cause of many being given the opportunity of reading Victor Hugo's great story which contains the most vivid word picture of the Battle of Waterloo ever penned.

When the Phoenicians, or Cadmus, or whoever it was invented books—a wonderful invention, a world's revolutionary invention was the result. And to the motion picture can be accredited the work of making good books more and more desirable, and relegating the bad books to the oblivion where they rightfully belong.

A Spanish Audience

MOTION-PICTURE theatres in the Madrid district of Toronto, Ontario, usually have a seating capacity of six hundred to seven hundred, although there are two in Toronto which seat one thousand. In addition, when the regular theatres of Madrid have any week or period of time for which no plays are booked, they fill in with a special motion-picture show.

We are told by the managers of moving-picture theatres that they endeavor to show from three thousand to thirty-five hundred metres (9,800 to 11,500 feet) at each performance when but two a day are given. If there are but two sessions per day, the afternoon performance begins at 5 to 5:30 and the evening at 10 to 11:30; otherwise a continuous performance, beginning at 5:30 in the afternoon and running with slight intermissions to 1 o'clock in the morning, is given.

Scenes from the new films are shown on billboards outside the theatre and along the streets, in order to draw patronage, but always on colored posters.

Helps to the Solution of

The Million Dollar Mystery

By WILLIAM J. BURNS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE

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REVIEW OF THIRTEENTH EPISODE: *The Russian head of the Black Hundred sent a secret agent to take charge of affairs. Braine and the Countess resented this interference and were further nettled at the boastful attitude of this agent from Russia, who seemed exceedingly sure of himself. The newspaper story tells of a man in a room above who listens through a small hole he drilled through the floor, meaning the ceiling of the Black Hundred council-chamber. This man was presumably Hargreave. Mr. MacGrath has also assured us that Norton has told Florence to beware of Olga, because she is Braine's best friend. A few days after the agent's appearance, Olga called on Florence, and while the heiress was absent from the room for a few moments, Olga glanced through Florence's mail, finding a note signed, "Your loving father." It told Florence to be in the summer house at 8:00 o'clock that evening. The countess did not dare destroy the letter; instead, she set the clock back. That evening, when the secret agent came to the summer house, he found a woman waiting, and hastened her to the Black Hundred quarters. "I have Hargreave's daughter!" he cried triumphantly. The woman lifted her head. It was Olga! The secret agent was undone; Braine's position remained in his own hands.*

IN THE twelfth episode, we *saw* Hargreave, but the newspaper story still keeps us in delicious doubt—which is quite as well, because—where did Hargreave go after that incident on the Hargreave grounds when Braine came close to shooting either Hargreave or Jones—or both? The man who is hidden most securely is the one who is seen, but still is mistaken for some one else. The best place to *hide* is where there are *others;* and the larger the city, the easier the hiding. If criminals (or anybody else who has reason to be *absent*) were not continually giving *signs* of their presence or location, then the art of detection would be much more difficult.

There is something very significant about this thirteenth episode. It is this: A factional difference has arisen among the Black Hundred. Braine and Olga have seen their work questioned. While they realize that Hargreave is the chief cause of their failure, they resent any interference on the part of the Russian junta. If need be, then Braine and the Countess will place their backs to the wall and fight both the Hargreave interests and their enemies within their own order. This can not help making it just so much easier for Hargreave. His most serious opposition is not in Vroon, Jackson and Felton or the common, unreasoning herd employed by the band, but is found in Braine and the Countess.

I stated a moment ago that the safest place to hide is where there are many others. You will recall the Countess' coaching party out at the old manor, where Meg showed the secret passage to Jones and Norton. You will remember that, after Florence had been rescued from the room, and she, Jones, and Norton were soon on horses, racing back toward home. They rode down a narrow road, over which the pursuing automobile made its way with difficulty. Jones got off his mount and waited. Then, as the car came past, he slashed the tires, and escaped. Was this not Hargreave, instead of Jones?

The most important matter is the location of the million dollars. I believe that the Black Hundred are sure that it is secreted in the House of Mystery. I think it is toward that residence they will direct their attention. They are criminals who would pause at nothing—murder, smuggling, counterfeiting or thievery. Perhaps some such source is supplying them with funds.

The elusive treasure chest is still absent, but it should reappear. It would not be right to bury it for good! The money may be in that box—or in one of two or more similar chests, but the Black Hundred could not identify one from the other. Most likely, it is *not* in a box of that description. We are dealing not with certainties, but with assumptions. If the treasure were buried, then some preparation and effort would be required to get hold of it. The million may be in a safety deposit vault. Also, it may be in the Hargreave portrait—one place the Black Hundred have thus far overlooked. Will they continue to overlook it? Keep that in mind. It will not be where they look; be quite certain of that. But, in fairness to you, *its position should not be changed.* You should not be asked to trace its *movements.* It *should be exactly where it was placed* the night of the balloon episode.

Keep in mind that it is useless to try to guess all of the places where it could be, because the Black Hundred will make further search. Where they fail to find the money, then you may eliminate those possible hiding places. That money was drawn out of the banks in the form of currency (bills of large denomination, no doubt) and it should remain in the form of currency, because we have no record that it was converted into certified checks, drafts or other instruments. When the twenty-second episode has been shown, then we can say where it will *not* be found, and shall be better able to learn just where it is.

In hiding that money, Hargreave probably selected a place that he had already figured on. The hiding had to meet certain requirements: it had to be accessible, so that the money (or any part of it) could be procured easily in case of need, or in the event of flight. It had to be placed where it could come into Florence's possession without her being identified, and where, were she going to escape from the Mystery House, she would be most likely to have it in her possession, whether she planned it or not. It must be hidden securely from chance discovery. It must be secreted where the Black Hundred will not think to look for it. They think of many unusual things, but the most unusual are generally the simplest things. No person who might yield to temptation must know about the hiding place. The average mortal might alter his ideas of right and wrong if a million dollars in currency were placed in his hands! At the same time, it is not easy to change a $5,000 bill!

Desperation Takes the Place of Cool Judgment in *Braine's* Mind

Does Jones know where the money is located? Certainly Jones is trustworthy enough to know all about the million. If Hargreave would trust the butler in a life-and-death matter (which he has done from the beginning; meaning for years preceding the date where the film story began), then Hargreave would certainly trust Jones with a million dollars. Besides, should Hargreave be killed, how is Florence to come into her own unless the butler knows the secret? The money would not have been placed in Florence's trunk or grip, because she was still away at school when the million was hidden! But it must be secured so that she would obtain possession of it. If the Black Hundred rip open the Hargreave portrait, and the money is not there, the most reasonable hiding place no longer remains; if they do not touch it, then the portrait is still a strong candidate for favors! There are four questions asked: What becomes of the millionaire? What be-

came of the million dollars? Whom does Florence marry? What becomes of the Russian Countess? I have often wondered why the Thanhouser people did not ask, "What becomes of Hargreave?" Instead, they ask, "What becomes of the millionaire?" Is it possible that Jones is the millionaire, or have they simply wished to confuse Jones and Hargreave in our minds? They also ask, "What became of the million?" They do not ask what "becomes" of it. In other words, where did the million dollars go after it was taken from the safe? Since the Russian Countess has not, as yet, disappeared, or been placed in a position where she would have reason to disappear, we may conclude that something most fearful is to happen to her. This being the case, it looks bad for Olga and Braine! Presumably they are not going to succeed, or else Olga would not have to be enshrouded in a mystery of "what becomes" of her! As to whom Florence marries, let us hope it is Jim Norton. Nothing else would be flavory. Also let us hope that Jim thinks he is marrying a penniless girl. The finding of the million should occur after the romance is "signed, sealed and delivered," and not before.

Strangely enough, the Thanhousers did not ask us about the ultimate destiny of Jones. Surely, he is a tremendous factor in these stirring events. Maybe the less they talked about Jones, the better it was for the mystery!

Another point to remember is this: the denouement will be based on the film story. The newspaper story will close according to what the films show, and will supply the literary features. You are not completing Mr. MacGrath's story in your solution; he will do that himself. No matter what you decide upon, think in pictures! Think in plot that can be told on the screen. Use only the materials you have seen on the screen. Even if you who read this be a literary person, shape your conclusions from a scenario angle—not from a literary viewpoint. This means that the value of the newspaper story is in helping you think. For all that, literary plot is different from scenario plot. A written story must have its punches just the same as a screen story, but not necessarily in the same places.

There is Not Mere Alertness but Deep Reasoning Power Back of the Secret

REVIEW OF FOURTEENTH EPISODE: *The Black Hundred decided that if they were ever going to secure the million dollars, it was high time to search the House of Mystery, which is why they despatched one of their number on a peculiar mission. That night he waited until long after the house was dark, and then gained entrance to the library through a window. Taking down a number of volumes, he placed several packets of counterfeit money between the leaves. Just then Jones appeared, leveled a revolver at the intruder and commanded him to halt. The felon fled, Jones' shot missing. The man went to a hotel and wrote a letter to the federal authorities, and Norton chanced to be writing at the same table. The blotter the criminal had used contained enough evidence to make Norton alert. Norton went out to the Hargreave mansion and told Jones of his discovery. They searched the library and found the spurious bills. It was planned that the reporter was to tell the government authorities of the discovery, but to let Jones, Susan and Florence be arrested, so that the Black Hundred would later search the house. Jones told Norton about a tunnel from the stable to the residence. Norton arranged details with the chief and a dictaphone was installed in the residence. The arrest occurred as planned, and the Black Hundred, thinking the house was at their disposal, came that night and were soon ransacking it, while Norton and others were listening to all they said. Among other things they learned was the location of the counterfeiting plant. They followed the Black Hundred members, who left when they became discouraged at not locating the million. In the building to which these men went, the officers finally saw one of the conspirators at the head of the stairs and called on him to surrender, but instead, the stairs collapsed and the officers slipped down into a pit. The band had provided against surprise.*

Could *Jones* Evince This Intense Interest?

MENTION of a secret passage between the stable and the residence, the conviction of the Black Hundred that the million is still in the House of Mystery, the strange concern of Jones over Florence's tale of her betrothal to Norton; all these are extremely important items. They are getting us over the ground—but, there is also something else, and this something else is important above a discussion of the present episode.

You know what is meant by "a figment of the mind." It means about the same as a delusion—believing what is not true—what never has been so! Has it ever occurred to you that such a "figment" runs through The Million Dollar Mystery? Suppose you were skilled at chess or checkers, or at some card game. You are to play against an adversary whom you do not see. All you can possibly see is what he does. The player is behind a curtain. His hands alone are shown. Yet, he watches you—and has a great advantage over you. Let us say that this player is Hargreave. You and he are using certain chessmen known as Florence, Jones, Norton, Braine, Vroon, Olga, etc. He plays them, but only as they are moved can you see what is done; not why it was done in just that way. Now and then the player (Hargreave) appears, but usually behind a mask that we know as Jones-the-butler. It rests with you to invest this unknown quantity (Hargreave) with definite attributes. You must account for his manner of life, even when he is unseen. You must assume that he is far more powerful than he would be were he always—or nearly always—in your sight.

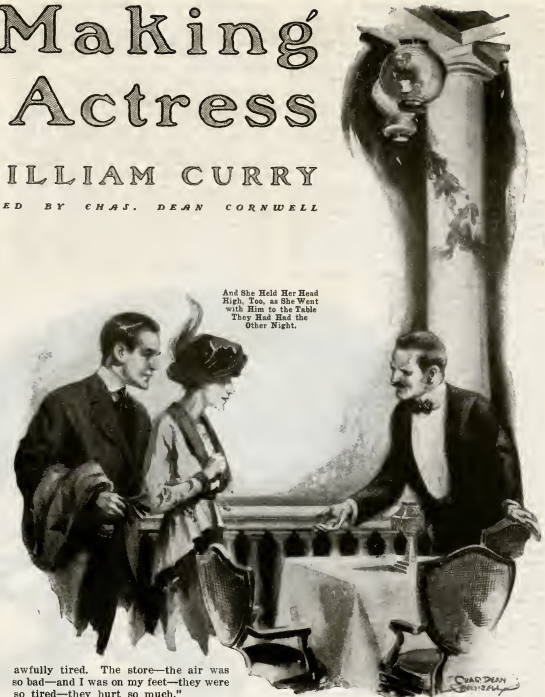
You must take up the unseen story of this mystery and start to construct it, so that it will fit into the known story. Unless it does fit, the outcome with be uncertain. To begin with, despite Hargreave's aggressiveness, he has always shown a desire for comforts. He likes luxury. His home proves that; his wealth provides him with means to have those comforts. At a hotel, he might attract undue attention. Were he to fit up an apartment, he might be exposed to view. He does not wander the streets. He is scarcely likely to live in squalor. He does not sleep in parks. But he has to eat, bathe, shave, sleep and enjoy clean linen. How does he do it? Why hasn't Braine learned how much laundry work Jones has done? Why has Braine never hunted up Hargreave's tailor or Jones' tailor? Why has Jones never been forced to show us his handwriting? We saw Hargreave's the time Miss Farlow found the note attached to the baby (Florence), and again when he wrote to have Florence return home. We have not seen Jones' chirography. Why hasn't some member of the Black Hundred attempted to

Continued on page 31

The Making of an Actress

By WILLIAM CURRY

ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS. DEAN CORNWELL



And She Held Her Head High, Too, as She Went with Him to the Table They Had Had the Other Night.

THERE was nothing for Forster to do—as far as old Hazzard was concerned. That ancient reprobate, returning, got one glimpse of the man to whom Vera, feeling, now, the reaction after her terrible day, was clinging. It was enough for him. He remembered an important engagement somewhere else; some miles away, in fact. And he made wild promises to his chauffeur depending on the speed of the cab. Exit Hazzard from the scene, from the park and—from this story!

Forster wanted to go after him, to call the police, manlike, to do something. But Vera was hysterical by now. Between sobs and laughter she managed to check him.

"L-let—let him go!" she gasped. "He didn't do me any harm! And I guess he won't come back again! Did you see the funny way he wriggled as he ran away? Just as if he thought you might be going to shoot at him? Oh—the old beast!"

"Get in the car!" commanded Forster. He schooled himself to iron all the concern, all the tenderness, out of his voice. Not for nothing had he served his apprenticeship as a director. Hysterical women were not new in his experience, by any means. This time there was a difference, of course. This was no Beatrice Brewster, having a tantrum because some minor character was being made too prominent. Yet he reasoned that the same treatment, or the available modification of it, would serve.

Vera looked at him in amazement—which was part of the treatment. She hadn't known that he could speak in such a voice at all—and that helped her to make her forget herself. Then she obeyed meekly, and a moment later she was meeting the rush of the wind in her face, which is certainly the next best thing to a dash of cold water. Forster took chances with the speed limit and the park police, but he felt that his star was in the ascendant. He had found Vera—surely nothing so trivial as an arrest for speeding could break the spell of the night that was falling about them.

As the car rushed onward Vera still sobbed and cried aloud with laughter. She was pressed close beside him, and he could feel the throbbing of her body. But, after they were out of the park, and he had, perforce, to slow down in the crowded streets to the north, before he could reach the comparative isolation of Riverside Drive at the dinner hour, he felt that she was gaining some measure of self control. The laughter died away; the sobs continued. But they grew fainter. And at last he felt that it was safe to turn to her for a moment.

"Feel better?" he said. "Air pretty good? Lord—you're thin, child!"

That was all. Not a question as to where she had been, nor why she had gone there. And therein he showed his wisdom. For that, and all the other questions that must be asked and answered between them, there was time and to spare. Some men might have assailed her at once, not only with questions, but with reproaches. Feeling, now that it was over, the strain of what he had gone through while he searched for her, Forster might well have snapped, and, for the moment, been almost ugly. But he was not.

For a time she did not answer. When she did speak, her voice was almost normal. Not quite; little sobs still caught her breath, from time to time, and betrayed her as she tried to frame a word with her lips. But mentally she had recovered; she knew, at least, what she wanted to say.

"I—I'm all right," she managed. "I was awfully tired. The store—the air was so bad—and I was on my feet—they were so tired—they hurt so much."

"Yes," he said. "The store? It was a bad day—even in the air."

So that was it! She had gone back to the store—and he had never thought of it! The very thought of it made him sick—and yet he could not begin to guess what it had meant to her. No man could do that. No woman, even, who had not shared the experience. And still he waited, for her to speak. Still he dammed the floodgates of the speech that was in him, demanding release.

She said no more for a time. They sped along the quiet roads now. The air, as they got out of town, was better. She sank back and enjoyed it; let herself go. And with the clean, fresh air that poured into her lungs came healing. Somehow the weariness slipped from her. The sharp, shooting pains ceased to stab her feet. They were still sore; she knew, from experience, that they would be so for days, even if she rested. Yet she could not help the feeling that his presence gave her. She felt secure; that was it. It seemed to her, now, that her troubles were over.

Perhaps new ones were beginning. One thing she knew; she had known it all along. He had found her, and that meant the end. She had lost her old strength, her old power of resistance. Hazzard, despite the doubts that had assailed her, she had never really feared, nor any of his kind. No matter how bad things were, she could have coped with him. Even the momentary surrender implied by her letting him take her in the cab had meant only sheer physical exhaustion; at the moment of need she had been able to rally and fight him off.

But Forster was no Hazzard. She had known, from the first, she felt, that he was not; that he was different. And she had certainly known it when she had hidden herself from him. That was why she had taken refuge in flight. Now that it was over she was not sorry. Not really. As she turned to steal a look at him, while he sat, looking intently at the road ahead, his mind on the task of steering the car, she knew that no other man had ever affected her as he was doing. She had made her fight; she had lost it. Well, then—why struggle? Why ape a foolish bird, beating out its wings against the cage from which there was no escape?

"Where are we going?" she asked, at last, in a small, meek voice. And inconsequently: "That was old Hazzard—did I tell you? He promised to take me home—I was so sick! And the beast—the beast—you saw where he took me—"

"We're going to dinner, just now," said Forster, cheerfully, but firmly. "We're going to the same place where we had dinner that other night—and we're going to have the same table we had then, if I have to take it away from some one else and throw them out to get it!"

"Oh!" she said, contentedly. "I—I just wanted to know."

Silence, again, until they drew up outside the inn she remembered so well. He helped her out; then ran the car around to the side, and joined her, on the porch, where she was waiting for him.

"Go inside—wash your face," he commanded, in the same tone he had used ever since she had recovered herself. "You've been crying—and you're not as pretty as you ought to be. I always insist on having pretty ladies with me

at dinner, you know—especially in a place where I'm known. Hurry—I'll get the table."

A few weeks before that would have drawn her out. Forster knew that; he had, perhaps, been testing her. But now she only smiled, a rather wan little smile, too, and turned to obey him. He said something beneath his breath as the head waiter approached; something that would have startled her with its ferocious vehemence. He was consigning Hazzard, Gudge, Bartlett, Beatrice Brewster, and all others, known and unknown, who were in any way responsible for her present fate to perdition. What he did not know, you see, he could make fair shift to guess.

When she rejoined him her cheeks were shining. Her color was high, yet she had scorned the aid of the powder she had found ready to her hand. And she held her head high, too, as she went with him to the table they had had that other night, the night of the accident that had had such momentous consequences. There were not many diners at the tables they passed; it was late. But there were enough to make a woman think of her clothes, and Vera thought of her's. Yet she did not flinch, though the garb prescribed for the saleswomen of Gudge and Bartlett's is not that of the suburban roadhouse. Still—what did it matter? There were graver things than clothes to be settled at that table! That much, at least, Vera could understand.

Vera watched Forster as he gave the order. He did not consult her at all; she was grateful for that. She wanted a chance to see him in the light. He hadn't changed. Not much, at least. For the first time there crept into her mind a doubt. She wondered, then, if she had been so absolutely right. His face was certainly more lined than it had been. There were new creases that had not been there before. And yet—surely that could not be her fault. He could not have been worried about her; not enough so, at any rate, to show it in his face.

"I prescribe a cocktail," he said, as the waiter slipped away. She mouthed a protest; before she could speak he checked her. "Oh, I know you don't!" he said, quickly. "But this time it's different. I said prescribe—it's really medicine. You need it."

"All right," she said, and he laughed aloud at the change in her. That braced her a little; wasn't he, perhaps, the least bit cruel? Wasn't he pushing her—almost too hard? But she only looked at him.

"Now!" he said, settling back in his chair, when the cocktails had been brought. "Suppose you tell me all about it? Where you went? And—why?"

She hadn't expected that. His voice was still even. There was no hint of reproach. He meant to put the whole burden on her, then, to make her explain. And suddenly, without knowing why, she was at a tremendous disadvantage, and knew it. For there were reasons, and those the compelling ones, for what she had done, that she could never put into words, with him sitting there, opposite her. She had come a long way since the last time she had sat here with him. And yet—not far enough for that! Could she tell him that she had been afraid of him—and why? At the very thought the color rushed into her face, and it was a crimson stain as she regarded him.

But he waited, inexorably. After all—he was entitled to the explanation he had asked. His question was the simple one, the normal one, the one she should have expected. She should have been preparing herself for it while they came. But she was fairly caught. She began confusedly, falteringly.

"I—I didn't know what to do," she said. "I was—upset. I was worried about you. Resigning that way. There was no need for you to do that. And—oh—I don't know! I didn't want to bother you. I didn't want you to feel that you had to keep on doing things for me the way you'd been doing. I knew, you see, just what you had done. I understood that you were doing an awful lot for me. And I—"

She stopped, abruptly. No matter which path she took toward the explanation, it seemed to bring her to the brink of a precipice. How could she have finished that sentence? Told him that she knew why he was doing what he had done—and that she could not give him what he wanted in return? She began again.

"I thought you had an idea you had to see

"I—I Guess I've Been An Awful Little Fool," She Said, "But I Never Dreamed That I was as Good as That"

me through," she said. "And so—and so—I wanted to show you that that wasn't so. I wanted to show you that I could look after myself."

She looked at him, hoping for some comment, some word that would give her time, at least. None came. But there was an interruption that saved her, for the moment. Even in the restaurants about New York food that has been ordered will be brought, some time. The waiter appeared. His presence enforced silence—or talk, at least, on other topics. They had none, and watched him, quietly, until he had served them. Then she found his eye upon her again.

"I went back to the store," she said. "I found there was a chance—so things were just as they had been, you see. You thought, at the start, that it was Miss Brewster's fault that I'd been fired—and you were sorry for me. So you tried to get me something else. And when I got the chance to go back, you see, it was just as if that had never happened. As if you and she had never come into the store that day. It was all right again. Don't you see?"

Still he watched her. But this time he could get no more words from her. There was nothing more she could say—unless she told the truth. And that she could not do. Not all of it. Some of what she had said already was true enough; all of it, in fact. The motives she had given had influenced her. But that was all. She knew—and she felt that he knew it as well as she—that they would not have been enough, in and of themselves.

"So that's all?" he said, finally, when he saw that she had no intention of saying any more. "That's all you've got to say to me—after all these weeks?"

She nodded her head, helplessly.

"Isn't it enough?" she asked, pitifully. "What more do you want me to say?"

He ignored that.

"I told you I wanted to see you, didn't I?" he said. "That I was so far from being sorry for what had happened that I felt you had done me the best turn anyone had ever done me in all my life? You didn't believe me, I suppose?"

"Oh—how could I?"

"It was up to me, I think," he said, rather grimly. He reminded her, now, of one of those black thunder clouds that come rolling across the river at the tag end of a blazing afternoon. "I wonder if you've any idea of the trouble you've nearly made for me? I've found you just in time!"

She had no answer for that. She felt that it was coming now; the explosion she had invited.

"I counted on you," he went on. "I planned certain things—and they depended on you. Do you know what I am? I'm one of the best producers in the movie business. You don't have to take my word for that." He laughed. "I couldn't have said that a few weeks ago. I didn't know it myself! It took the trouble at the Climax to make me see it myself. I found it out when they began coming after me! But—do you know something else?

"A director is as helpless by himself as an expert automobile driver who hasn't got a car. He's got to have the sort of people who can do the things he wants done. And if he's any good he's got individuality—he isn't just like all the others. That means that everyone can't act for him—that he's got to have just the right ones. Well—I grew to understand that. And I made my plans, and my arrangements. They all depended on you—and then you disappeared! Do you understand what that meant?"

"But—that's impossible!" she stammered. "You don't mean that. How could it be so?"

"I don't know!" he said, angrily. "Why is it that you've got just the peculiar things I've always looked for—and never found before? People who've grown up with this game haven't got 'em—you have. That's the answer. You've got lots to learn—Lord, you've got so much to learn that there'll be days, while you're learning, when you'll wish you were back in an easy job like selling ribbons or whatever junk you did sell! But when you've learned! That's when you are going to realize the difference. Listen, Vera. You're going to be a star—one of the great big, fixed stars. Beatrice Brewster! Pah!"

He wiped Beatrice Brewster from the earth and the water bottle from the table with one sweeping gesture. The catastrophe made them both laugh, which was just the thing they ought to have done. And while the waiters repaired damages, they had a chance to pull themselves together. When they were left alone together Vera sighed.

"I—I guess I've been an awful little fool," she said. "But I never dreamed that I was really as good as that. I did think that if I kept on, and worked hard, I might be able to hold a job. But I never thought you could really need me!"

"You won't run away again?" he said. "You won't be foolish any more?"

"Never any more," she said, faintly. "I couldn't—after this."

(Continued on page 32)

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION ON THE BATTLEFIELDS

© International News Service

The Belgians Burned Countless Cottages and Other Buildings in Front of the Antwerp Fortifications to Prevent the Germans from Approaching Too Close to the Besieged City

© International News Service

The Horrors of the War. A Photograph Taken After the Battle of Haelen Showing the Effect of a Belgian Shell

© Underwood & Underwood

A Bridge across the Meuse River at Vise Dynamited by the Belgians to Hamper the Advance of the Germans

© International News Service

The Germans Burned Numerous Villages in Belgium. In Meuland Scarcely a Roof was Left Standing

© Underwood & Underwood

A Scene of Wreck and Ruin in Vise, Belgium, after Its Invasion by the Germans. Not a House in the Street Shown is Intact

© International News Service

A Belgian Village Shelled by the Germans During Their Advance on Liege

© Underwood & Underwood

The Residents of Waelham, a Suburb of Antwerp, Cheerfully Destroyed Their Homes in Order that the Fortifications at Antwerp Might Get a Clear Sweep of the Enemies' Lines

© Underwood & Underwood

An Ambulance Train Composed of All Manner of Vehicles Carrying the Dead and Wounded into Brussels before That City was Evacuated

On the Battle Lines

Troops of Four Nations in Action

© Underwood & Underwood
A Reconnoitering of Cossacks "The Rough Riders" of the Russian Army. These Troops are the Mainstay of the Russian's Advance on Berlin

© International News Service
A Remarkable Photograph of Belgian Troops on the Firing Line Close to Tirlemont, Belgium

Photo International News Service
Belgian Soldiers near Dicst Cooking a Scanty Meal on the Firing Line between Engagements

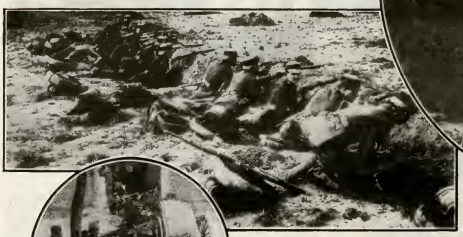


Photo International News Service
During the Gorman Advance through Belgium, Shallow Rifle Pits were Thrown Up at Frequent Intervals

© International News Service
Belgian Riflemen on the Road Leading to Louvain Awaiting the Coming of the Gorman Uhlans

© Underwood & Underwood
A Line of French Infantrymen Awaiting to Destroy One of the Germans' Zeppelin Bomb-Throwing Balloons

© International News Service
The Fighting was So Continuous that the Belgian Troops had to Snatch What Little Rest They Could Between Engagements

Scenes In and Around Paris

© International News Service

A Continuous Stream of Refugees in All Sorts of Vehicles Rushed Out of Paris as the German Army Neared That City

© Underwood & Underwood

A Powerful Searchlight Atop the Famous Eifel Tower in Paris was Used at Night to Search for the German Bomb-Throwing Dirigible Which Hovered Over the French Capital

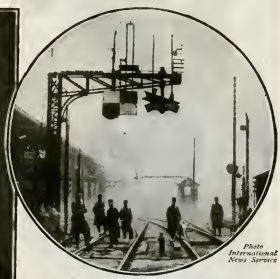


Photo International News Service

French Soldiers were Placed on Guard on All the Railroads Entering Paris as Soon as the Germans Set Foot on France

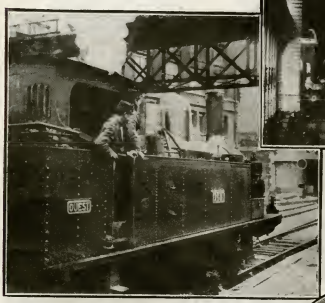


Photo International News Service

French Soldiers were Also Put in Charge of the Trains Even to Driving the Locomotives

© Underwood & Underwood

The Owners of Thousands of Private Automobiles Offered Their Cars to the French Government for Red Cross Service. This Photograph Shows a Line of Cars Which Have Just Been Mustered into Service at the Red Cross Headquarters

Photo International News Service

Burning Houses in the Suburb in Order That the Defending Forts Might Have an Unobstructed View of the Enemies' Approach. Hundreds of Homes were Destroyed in This Manner

© International News Service

Soldiers Rolling a Barrel of Oil to Aid in Quickly Destroying Cottages on the Outskirts of Paris. It is Interesting to Know That the End of the Barrel Is Lettered "Standard Oil Company, U. S. A."

© International News Service

Soaking a House with Oil near Paris. The Territory around the Forts was Cleared in Record Time by This Method

HOW THE RING-TAI OVER RAYMOND

By WILLIAM M.

It was at Raymond Hitchcock's Summer Home, Bellemond, on Long Island, That Laurence McCloskey Read Aloud His Story of "The Ring-Tailed Rhinoceros" and Won That Famous Comedian Over to the Movies

"NO MOVIES for muh; nosiree!" Raymond Hitchcock, comic opera star, spoke firmly. His charming wife, known in stageland as Flora Zabelle, nodded her pretty head approvingly.

The head of the Lubin Film Manufacturing Company appeared despondent—naturally enough. His arguments, intended to tempt Raymond into filmland, had been many and varied; he told of other popular players who have acted for the motion pictures; he spoke in attractive terms of contracts and of valuable publicity; in a nutshell, the Lubin people wanted Raymond Hitchcock and his wife in motion pictures and said so in their most effective and appealing way.

Nothing doing with Hitchcock.

As a final effort, Laurence S. McCloskey, editor of Lubin photoplays, was sent to "Bellemond," Mr. Hitchcock's beautiful home on Long Island Sound. McCloskey and Hitchcock are warm friends.

"Well, Larry, I'll contract with you and we'll do one of my best known vehicles," genially conceded Mr. Hitchcock. Pretty Flora Zabelle softly patted her little hands.

And then came the argument.

"Hitchie," pleaded McCloskey, "you know that this stage stuff is the old story of about ninety per cent comical repartee and ten per cent action. Let's do something original; a hit-'em-between-the-eyes, so to speak."

"This original dope is all O. K., Larry," replied Raymond. "But you know this movie stuff; cod-fish and onion and me cheild sort of dope. I know the sort of stuff you movie writers put over, and it'll never do for us. Eh, Flora Zabelle?"

Mrs. Hitchcock shook her curls in a decided manner.

"Two-thirds of you actors think the script writers either steal their stuff or write it stereotyped. When I say we'll put up a scenario that will hit-'em-between-the-eyes I mean just that," asserted Larry McCloskey impressively.

The argument was taken up again at the Lamb's Club; then in Hitchcock's dressing room at the Astor theatre. All the while, McCloskey was getting a good line on Hitchcock's personality and his ideas, and was more ambitious than ever to write the star into something new.

"Gimme a week, Hitchie," beseeched Larry, "and I'll show you something."

Now Raymond Hitchcock is known in vulgar parlance as a good sport. He finally agreed to McCloskey's fervent wish but with the understanding that any original photoplay would have to be good enough in itself to offset the advertising value that would go with one of the known Hitchcock successes.

Raymond Hitchcock, as *John Carter*, Tells Little *Billie* the Story of the Ring-Tailed Rhino

McCloskey hurried back to his office at Lubinville, and burned the midnight oil in putting on paper an inspiration that he thought would prove a clincher with Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock.

"You'll never win him over, old top," predicted members of the Lubin editorial staff in the usual manner.

"Just you wait," asseverated McCloskey in his most obstinate manner. And so it might be said that Raymond Hitchcock was won by waiting—and by the "Ring-tailed Rhinoceros."

In a week's time, McCloskey beat it back to New York with the "skeleton" of the Rhino. Mr. Hitchcock took his guest to the beautiful Hitchcock home over Sunday. Before McCloskey had read half the plot to him, Hitchcock was acting the part. In another week McCloskey had completed the scenario and, to make his happiness complete, George Terwilliger was detailed to produce it.

The exterior scenes of "The Ring-tailed Rbinoceros" were taken on Long Island, and the gardens of the homes of divers and sundry millionaires were utilized.

"I think I used about everything on the Hitchcock estate," says Mr. McCloskey in speaking of the new picture. "Mrs. Hitchcock—Flora Zabelle—plays Marybelle, and the Weeping Princess. You will notice 'The Counselor Bird.' Hitchcock has two macaws at his residence and I couldn't refrain from getting one of them into the picture because 'Hitchie' does a great stunt of talking to the bird.

"Yes, most of the people in the lawn party scenes are real society folk, residents of the 14 K Colony on Long Island. 'Hitchie' and I motored over the Island and we had exclusive locations galore—the residents were willing to do anything for Raymond.

"Mr. Hitchcock is a serious man with big ideals," continued McCloskey, "and he now looks upon movie writers and the movie world with a changed perspective. His old attitude was a natural one—many of the stars of spoken drama and opera have it—but they're changing, they're changing."

In His Dream *Carter* Becomes what a Harsh Creditor Had Once Predicted a Tramp. He is Shanghaied By Pirates. The Ring-Tailed Rhinoceros Appears and Leads Him to the Captain's Rum. Goodbye Rum!

Now the name "The Ring-tailed Rhinoceros" has been switched for something else, but the original name should have stood, at that. The idea of the five part comedy-drama is simply that John Carter is a "good fellow." In fact, his goodfellowship is Carter's one great fault, for the highballs and cock-tails which go with it too frequently make him forget his more serious obligations, and are cause for real anxiety to his charming fiancee, Marybelle. Marybelle's father and Carter's friends warn him against his increasing indulgence.

Marybelle's little brother, Billie, asks Carter what is making Marybelle so sad. Carter, pressed for an answer, replies evasively saying: "It's a Ring-tailed Rhinoceros." Billie takes

LED RHINO WON HITCHCOCK HENDERSON

him seriously and vows to kill the wicked Rhino so that Marybelle will no longer be sad. Carter finally arrives at Marybelle's announcement party, intoxicated. Her parents in anger force her to break the engagement. Billie sees Marybelle crying and starts out alone to kill the rhinoceros. Marybelle's rejection of him hits Carter hard. He returns to his apartments despondent and there he finds little Billie, who has come to ask assistance in his hunt for the Rhino.

The little fellow's seriousness touches Carter more than all the warnings and scoldings. Taking Billie on his knee, he tells him they *will* kill the Rhino—and they begin to plan how to do it. Billie falls asleep and so does Carter. And Carter dreams—

In his dream Carter becomes what a harsh creditor had once predicted—a tramp. He finds himself penniless on foreign soil. He is shanghaied by pirates. The Ring Tailed Rhinoceros appears and leads him to the Captain's rum. Goodbye rum! The pirates chase him around the ship and finally make him walk the plank. Carter swims and swims endlessly and finally crawls out on an island. A guard appears and chases him. Others appear and Carter falls at the feet of the little Prince (who looks remarkably like Billie) and begs to be saved. The Prince saves him from the soldiers and takes him to see his sister, "The Weeping Princess," "who weeps and swims endlessly and never sleeps." (The Princess greatly resembles Marybelle.) She is fated to weep forever until the Ring Tailed Rhinoceros has been slain. Carter promises to kill the Rhino, so, although the Frowning King and Queen trust him not, the Prince gives him an eight-legged horse, "Resolution," and Carter starts on his hunt. He meets the Rhino, but, sad to relate, instead of a killing, they have a quiet party together in the King's wine cellar. This continues night after night for some time, Carter deceiving the royal family into believing he is after the Rhino until the "Counsellor Bird," failing to make Carter ashamed of himself, tells the Prince about it. They plan to cut Carter's head off, but the little Prince once more intercedes for him and at Carter's pleading sets out with him to kill the Rhino.

The Comic Opera Star is Here Seen Surrounded by His Friends Though It is Difficult to Recognize Them

When the Pirates Discover that *Carter* Has Done Away with All of Captain's Rum, They Are Very Much Annoyed to Say the Least. Like All Good Pirates They Like Rum Themselves. Wherefore it was Necessary to Chase *Carter* All Over the Ship and Finally to Make Him Walk a Plank—Which Should Have Been the End of *Carter*, But it Wasn't

Raymond Hitchcock and His Wife, Flora Zabelle, Together with Several of the Leaders of Long Island Society in a Particularly "Moving" Scene

The Rhino and his cronies plead, threaten and cajole with Carter, but the Prince's influence is too strong. Through the Rhino's domain they journey, firing at their tempters and not even stopping to "wet up" at the "River of Drinks," which is almost irresistible to Carter. Seeing that Carter is at last in earnest, the Rhino calls his crowd together and they attack the castle. Carter and the Prince hasten back to the rescue of the beleaguered royal household.

On the way, Carter finds a bottle of wine—and—Oh! how good it looks. Just as he is about to put it to his lips, the Prince commands: "The Rhino is here. Kill him!" and as the dreaded beast plunges into the throne room, Carter sends the bottle hurtling at its head. The Rhino falls dead.

The Princess stops crying and, her beautiful face radiant, throws herself upon Carter's manly bosom. The King, Queen and all the Court hail Carter as a hero and tog him up in wonderful silken garments and the little Prince says: "Now, you are going to be happy ever after."

And, although this prophecy is made in a dream, it is fulfilled in real life, for Carter awakens a saner and a sober man and tells Billie and Marybelle that he has killed the Ring-tailed Rhinoceros "good and dead." Oddly enough, time proves that he has. "And they all live happy ever after."

In this day of slap-stick buffoonry a photophantasy such as this is distinctly unique in every way. I predict that this photoplay will create a sensation and blaze a new trail along originality's pathway. Pathos of the kind that brings the smile with the tear, and lively humor, are found at every turn of the story, and the action abounds in delicious little bits impossible to describe in words.

The cast is a notable one, including Raymond Hitchcock, Flora Zabelle, Raymond Hackett, Ida Waterson, Edward Metcalf, Herbert Fortier and others. The costumes and scenery are exceptionally beautiful. Best of all, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hitchcock have been won over to the screen and will undoubtedly prove as popular in photoplayland as they are behind the footlights.

"The Ring Tailed Rhinoceros," it is said, may be adapted from the screen for a comic opera, starring the Hitchcocks. It is not unlikely that, instead of motion picture adapting plays from the stage, that soon the stage will be borrowing from the once humble movies. This fact opens more possibilities. Movie actors, notably John Bunny, James Lackaye and others are already leaving the movies for the spoken drama in obedience to the popular demand. Authors of the photoplay will soon, we predict, be drawing royalties from stageland for their successful photoplay plots. "The Ring Tailed Rhinoceros" won Raymond Hitchcock. What more could a photoplay do?

For the Panama Exposition

THE use of motion pictures in demonstrating the results that are being attained by the United States forestry service is the latest publicity feature to be taken up by the department of agriculture.

Some of the features of national forestry that have been included in the motion pictures are lumbering, the pictures covering everything from the signing of the government contract to the sawing of the boards; planting, grazing and protection. In the northwest one film of pictures traces the water supply of a great city from protection of the watersheds on a national forest to a point where it flows from a bubbling fountain on a city street.

Seven thousand feet of film will be used in making the pictures, but this will be reduced to 5,000 feet for exhibiting purposes. The pictures are being made chiefly for the Panama-Pacific exposition, but duplicate films will also be released throughout the country at the same time.

Realism in the Movies

A Department for the Discussion of Films Possessing or Lacking Realism

Conducted By Our Readers

MANY faults that might be condoned or overlooked in fiction, stand out in the films as grievous errors. The fundamental appeal in the movies is *seeing* what takes place. It is this magnified proportion of *reality* that places a definite obligation on the producers, with only rare exceptions. To illustrate, we quote the following from a correspondent, giving also our own comment:

Objects to the Fantastic

Realism Editor,
Movie Pictorial.
Dear Sir:

I recently viewed a film, the name of which I cannot recall. However, the idea was founded on a vision. A young girl fell in a swoon, due to some great shock, and she saw angels and many other sights that I deny are real. I wish you would take this kind of production to task. It is an insult to one's intelligence.

Yours truly,
H. E. K.

The "vision" or religious film is not supposed to be a reality, nor does it appeal to intelligence, but rather to sentiment. It is allegorical, and pretends to be nothing else. It seeks to picture sentiments and emotions and not actual circumstances. Through a religious or an emotional vehicle, it attempts to point a moral. This same answer applies to all fantastic productions. They are not necessarily "insults to intelligence," because they do not pretend to be real, and they should not cause resentment among those who view them. Even if they appeal only to 20 per cent of the audience, that 20 per cent is entitled to them. Such films, however, do not predominate nor are they growing in number.

"Seven Sealed Orders"

Realism Editor,
Movie Pictorial.

I recently viewed "Seven Sealed Orders," an Essanay mystery drama. Permit me to say that it was not "according to Hoyle." For instance, an A. D. T. boy comes in with an envelope that contains $20,000 in currency. Usually, a bank messenger, trusted employe or expressman bearing a "red sealed" package, would attend to so important a mission. Again, when the young man buys the hotel and adjoining property, he gets "the papers," presumably deeds, but no abstracts. Also, the vault in the bank was robbed. We did not see it blown open. Do not vaults have time-lock attachments even in small-town banks?

Respectfully,
A Movie Fan.

We viewed "Seven Sealed Orders" ourselves, and admit that the above criticism merits consideration. So long as "the papers" are present, the scenario writer and the director appear to believe that is sufficient. Still, there was no gross breach of realism. The film that tarries just to carry out details of realism may lose its story interest. But so long as the facts can be shown with no more effort than the fancies, why not use the facts? "Seven Sealed Orders" could have had an express employe call with the money, with no more effort than using the youthful messenger. People who are accustomed to sending money, usually exercise some reasonable degree of precaution, and ought to do so even in the films. We think that it would have been quite as easy to secure an abstract of title along with the deed, as it was to rush in with "the papers." Any person who has traded in property knows that "the papers" must be correct or there might be a flaw in the title. We might add that "Rajahs" usually are accompanied by their servants. The oriental is "longer" on ceremony than the occidental. The rajah in question may have been the exception! Otherwise, the oddity of "Seven Sealed Orders" held the audience and had many points of merit.

Says the Train was too Slow

Realism Editor,
Movie Pictorial,
Chicago, Ill.
My Dear Sir:

I raise my protest against the "fast express" scene in the eleventh episode of "The Million Dollar Mystery." The train moved too slowly. It must have been one of those "safety first" railways!

Yours respectfully,
John E. M.

This being a technical question, we submitted it to a "traveling engineer" of a great railway system.

"The objection of John E. M. is not well taken. The scene showed a considerable stretch of straight track. The engineer could have seen Norton on the rails for a considerable distance —maybe the best part of a mile. He could also see Florence rush in madly and might have known something serious was wrong. He would move his brake-valve handle over to 'emergency' if the train was going forty or more miles an hour, and would close the throttle-valve. A heavy express train would require half a mile or more for stopping, were its speed considerable. Florence ran to the switch and threw it. The train was gradually slowing down. John E. M. is wrong. But, here I arise with *my* objections: Who left the switch unlocked? Even though a life was saved, the employe who forgot to lock the switch should have been fired!

"Yours for Realism,
"F. M. D."

Really, we had not looked at it that way, but we are convinced that while "John E. M." is wrong "F. M. D." is right. Let them fire the employe who hadn't locked the switch!

A Tight-Rope Walker Laments

We can see that this department is going to reach into all manner of strange places, and dig down deep into all trades and professions. We promise caution only where a fight might result!

This is a sample of what we may expect. It comes from "An Old Circus Man," and here is what he says:

"I saw 'The Fruits of Vengeance,' which, I believe, was a Vitagraph production. The story hinges on a tight-rope walker's love for another man's wife. That part is none of my business, because I have been married happily three times. But this is where I object: The rope is nearly cut through—it is tied to a steel beam—the rope has been in bad condition for days, but the 'artist' has never thought enough of it to go back to examine it. Now, I'd like to see any aerial performer who failed to look over his trappings before taking a chance. Besides, ropes are not tied that way. They are fastened by block-and-tackle rigging, so that they may be tightened! If any rope-walker were as careless as that one, the sooner he met death, the better. I'm 'agin' his methods!"

Maybe so! It sounds reasonable, at least. Come to think of it, that rope idea might have been more realistic, and yet how could the Vitagraph people know there would be an old rope-walker in the audience? Rope-walkers are not plentiful. The sins that are most easily detected concern the law, medicine, etc., but of 20,000,000 movie patrons, it is quite likely there will be found critics in all lines. We must shield the producers against unjust criticism, because they wish to have everything just right, and usually call in experts if they are uncertain.

A Miner says "Nay"

"I saw a film called, 'In Golden Gulch.' I don't recall the name of the producing company. There was a miner's daughter in the cast, and she had a love affair with a hero and a villain. The villain was after the old man's 'gold mine' and potted the old fellow with a squirrel gun. Lizzie, the daring daughter, was determined to foil the aforementioned villain and went out with a pick-axe and shovel, dug in the hills a few seconds and yanked out a nugget. Now, it makes me half angry and half happy to see such a fool stunt. I trammed in the 'A. Y. & Minnie' in Leadville, pounded steel in the 'Vindicator' at Cripple Creek, sorted ore at the 'California' in Gilpin Co., Colo., ran a machine drill in the Goldfield Consolidated, and have prospected from the head-waters of the Yukon to Sinaloa, Mexico. Who in thunder is going to drive a pick-axe into solid rock? Besides, nuggets are associated with placer mines, and not with hard-rock workings! If gold could be mined as easily as that, this country would have several multi-billionaires, and I would be one of them. If you've ever seen the prospectors' skeletons along Bright Angel Trail, you'd know that what Gen. Sherman said about war applies to mining!

"Yours for Realism,
James Alexander."

Mr. Alexander is probably right. Maybe the scenario writer took his cue from a mining stock prospectus, where the stock was "fully paid and forever non-assessable," and in which was John Ingall's poem on "Opportunity." Mining in granite with a pick-axe is "no good way." We hope the miner's daughter wore gloves, for otherwise she might have blistered her willing hands!

Scenario Writers Invited

Scenario writers are asked to join in this discussion. If we publish a criticism that calls forth a defense, we shall be glad to have the scenario writer come forward and defend himself. The idea of this criticism is not that the faulty plots are no good. They may be exceptionally clever. At the same time, is it not true that the films must be more or less educational? If we view an event in every-day life, it should utilize the materials at hand. Many of the film productions fail in this respect. They create methods, manners and customs that are unreal. Hence, they give the public wrong impressions, and, therefore, strike at education's progress. When we take the broad view, there is a reason for Realism in the movies, and though pride may suffer in this altar of film "vivisection," we must continue it.

"F. M. D." Wins the $5.00

Wishing to be fair—meaning impartial—in our judgment, we have awarded this issue's $5 prize to "F. M. D." We think that his technical point is the closest to realism, and that the switch had no right being left unlocked.

Each issue, we shall make a $5 award to the person who, in our opinion, has presented the best criticism; not necessarily the best written, but the most logical. Why not go after the $5 award? Even if you do not win it, there is some fun in keeping the Realism idea moving—and also some amount of good. Your name will not be published unless you are willing to have it. Also, no employe of The Movie Pictorial or Photoplay Magazine can win a prize. It is for "outside talent" solely. Hurry your letters! Address them to Realism Editor, The Movie Pictorial, Hartford Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

"The Aztec Treasure"

And the Part It Played in Many Lives

By MINERVA MARTIN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE ECLAIR FILM

DICK HENSHAW had a number of reasons for being in Mexico. One was that he had nothing in particular to do. He had enough money to make it unnecessary for him to toil for a living in the more prosaic ways that necessity imposes upon most young men; he had, also, an intense desire to feel that he was somewhere near the centre of the most important and interesting activity that was open to him. Some older man, seeing him in college, had once remarked that Dick had been born a hundred years or so too late.

"The time for him," said this wise man, "was when a youth who wanted to go out and fight, as a more or less continuous performance could be accommodated—and could get something for doing it. Glory, or wealth, or both. As it is now—"

He had finished with a shrug of the shoulders. But that was before the Mexican troubles began to be really interesting. Dick had followed the adventure of Madero, the idealist, with a deep and absorbing interest. There was a little more than the lust for fighting to drive him. He had vague dreams of a time when people should be governed by themselves, and as they chose. And it seemed to him that Madero was imbued with the same ideas. And so the rising in Mexico City, and its culmination in the murder of Madero, had finally stirred him to the point of going south, when it became plain that the work Madero had begun was not to be abandoned.

"Where Did You Get This Gold! It is Old Gold—Strange Gold."

But at first he was disappointed. He didn't find the sort of fighting he had looked for, or, rather, had hoped for. There were no armies, in the real sense of the word. There was plenty of fighting, to be sure, but it was rather hard to distinguish it from plain theft and pillage. In those days Villa had not begun the work that will make him live in the military history of Mexico—he had yet to prove that Mexican soldiers could be taught to storm fortified places, and, above all, to obey orders, even if those orders involve fighting at night, which every Mexican of the days before the second fall of Torreon regarded as not only dangerous, but the height of bad manners. Didn't the enemy want to sleep at night, like other people? Well, then?

In those days Villa wandered about the country, with little more than a fixed idea in his head. Now, there is no greater thing in all the world than an idea, if the right man has it. But it was hard for people to see that Villa might be the right man. So Dick was more than once on the point of going home, and waiting for a chance to do some real fighting.

That he didn't had little to do with either idealism or the wanderlust. It was attributable, in a far higher degree, to one Dolores. The father of Dolores was a Mexican. But, in spite of that, she had a perfectly good excuse for making Dick stay in Mexico. In the main, there is little of either romance or beauty about the veiled and mysterious "beauties" of Mexico. But—Dolores was not like the rest—partly because her mother had been an American. She saved Dick's life, one day, when he was riding with the tropa, and some of the Federals of the district surprised it. She hid him first; then she fed him. And after that Dick managed to do a good deal of his fighting in the neighborhood of the great hacienda of Mescalite.

Her father, Juan Agramonte, was not the overlord of that hacienda. He was the humble servant of that overlord, Miguel Perez. And Miguel was a great man. He had influence—what, north of the Rio Grande, would have been called a pull. That was why the strategy of campaigns was upset in order that the Mescalite hacienda should be saved from destruction by the rebels. Battles had been lost that the troops might not be withdrawn from their task of guarding the estates of Miguel Perez. The troops were content. Miguel saw that they were paid, that they had their way of the estate. Anything they wanted he put at their disposal—especially if what they wanted happened to be the property of his peons. Usually it was. The wants of the troops were few and relatively simple. For them drink, tobacco, and—the daughters of the peons, or, if there were not daughters enough to go around, the wives.

Juan Agramonte was not a peon. Nor was he one of the governing class. He had been one of these; strange theories had brought him into disfavor with that venerated scoundrel—Porfirio Diaz. He had freed his peons. Instead of holding them as chattel slaves for unpaid debt, he had cancelled the debts and taught them how to keep their heads above water. The cientificos, men of his own caste, had been unable to see that their only chance of ultimate prosperity lay in the creation of an educated and prosperous working class. And so charges had been made against Agramonte. In one way and another his estates had vanished. Now—he kept the books of the Hacienda Mescalite. In return for which he had food for himself and Dolores, and a little house—better than the hovels of the peons, poorer than the quarters of the saddle horses of Miguel Perez.

The peons liked him. He did many things for them; granted them such small favors as he could. Perez despised him. It is the habit of those who have stayed up to scorn those who have been pushed down.

Dick was never one to hold doubts. He had seen Dolores, upon the occasion when she had saved his life, for less than twenty minutes. Yet the time was enough — for him. Not a month passed, after that, without seeing him ride up to her door. He was safe enough; unless some one betrayed his connection with the insurrection that was so slowly gaining power, he would not be suspected of complicity with Villa and his brigands, as Don Miguel called the future general. There were mines in the neighborhood where all the engineers were English and Americans. And there was no uniform to betray him. In those days the soldiers of the tropas wore no distinguishing garb.

He wooed Dolores from the beginning, ardently. She was less swift. She liked him; that much she was ready to admit from the beginning. But, even when she had reached the point of surrender, when she confessed that, after all, she did love him enough to marry him, she refused absolutely to leave her father.

"All right—we'll take him with us," said Dick, practically.

But she shook her head.

"He will not go," she said, sadly. "He is a little mad, I think. What can he do—he, poor, old, friendless—for the peons? Yet he swears that he is afraid for their sake—that at any time Don Miguel may turn to excesses of which even he has not yet been capable. You see—he has given up his whole life to these poor people. He says they are the only hope of Mexico—that only when they are freed and begin to take a hand in governing the country, can it look to a real future, free from strife and bloodshed."

"He's right enough there," said Dick, grimly. "I've seen enough down here to be surer than ever of that. But—what can he do?"

"I don't know," said the girl. "Still—he will not leave. Now, even, fresh trouble is brewing. There are more soldiers than ever, and there is talk of trouble about the taxes. The war has stopped so much—they cannot pay. My father fears that they may be sent to the salt mines."

No need to explain that to Dick. He knew what it meant. Exile from their homes, for all of them. For such of the men as agreed to enter the army, a certain freedom. For the

rest, death. The salt mines take their toll infallibly. The authorities know how long a man or a woman will last.

"Well—that's bad," said Dick. "But—is there no way of persuading him that he can't do any good by staying?"

There was not—for it would not have been true. In the queerly twisted brain of old Juan one precious secret was locked up. He was poor, but it was only because he would not touch a store of wealth almost boundless. In the region there was a legend, that told of the discovery, in the days of Spanish rule, by a lord of Mescalite, of the buried treasure of the Aztecs, hidden since the days of Cortez.

This treasure Juan's ancestor—for in those days the Agramontes ruled in Mescalite—had found, as a matter of fact, as well as of legend. He had brought it north, in secret, to his own estates, waiting for a chance to smuggle it out of the country, for in those times the crown would have confiscated the gold had he told of it. And then he had changed his mind, and decided that the secret of his hoard should be handed down, from generation to generation, so that, in time of dire need, it might be available.

Juan Agramonte's need had been dire enough. And yet he had not used the treasure. For he was wise enough to realize that his ruin had been definitely decreed, by powers too great for him to challenge. He had seen that the only thing that would tempt them to leave him alone, in some sort of peace, and with a chance to care for his daughter, was to make them think that he was utterly crushed. So he had submitted to everything, knowing they would never let him fly the country with his gold, and had waited.

This, however, when he heard that the decree of banishment for the peons was settled, was, he felt, the time for which he had been waiting. Late at night he went to his store; he got enough gold to pay the taxes. Upon the peons to whom he gave it he enjoined secrecy.

But it was not in them to be secret. The gold in itself aroused suspicion; it took little to make the peons reveal its source. And then Juan was dragged before Don Miguel, resplendant now, in a new uniform, for he had used his influence to have himself proclaimed general and governor of the district, with the command of the federal troops within it.

"Where did you get this gold? It is old gold—strange gold!" said the governor. He gripped Juan by the throat and shook him, as he spoke.

But Juan was silent. Threats were of no avail.

"It is the treasure the legend tells of—the treasure your hound of an ancestor stole!" howled the governor.

"It belongs to the government. Give up the secret and you shall have half—."

But still Juan was silent. The governor, however, knew a way to make him speak, or thought he did. Outside, in the patio, was a tree. To this he caused Juan to be tied. His servant, with a stout whip, stood over the old man, who was held up by his roped hands.

"Strike — once or twice," said the governor. The servant struck, and the blood started out as the whip left its marks.

"Now will you tell?" asked the governor.

"No!" gasped old Juan.

"Then—beat him till he tells—or until he dies," said the governor, and turned away.

But the governor had gone too far. The peons were poor folk, without much spirit. But Dick Henshaw, aided by the fact that Juan had saved them from exile, was able to rouse them. They rose. They drove Don Miguel from his house and killed a few of his servants. The troops were all far away. And they rescued what had been Juan Agramonte. The old man was dead when they cut him down. But he had not told.

Don Miguel escaped. And he returned, in two days, at the head of troops enough to overawe the peons. First he hung a score of them, to satisfy his vengeance. Then he looked for old Juan.

"You killed him?" he shrieked at his servant. "Bah! You fool! Then his secret died with him? Could you not have let him live until he had given that up?"

For an hour he raged. But then he remembered that the dead man had a daughter. An officer reminded him of it. This officer, it chanced, knew Dick as an insurrecto. He knew, too, that Dick had been coming to see Dolores.

"The daughter—yes!" said Miguel, his eye lighting. "Let her be brought."

It was easy enough to find her. He received her alone. But, if she knew the secret of the treasure, she would not tell him. And the governor, indeed, forbore to press her. Looking at her, memories of his evil youth rose in him. And when the time was past he wanted her more than he did the treasure. He made her an offer—an offer too shameful to be set down, but fair enough, as he looked at such things. She struck him in the face. And for that she was taken away, a prisoner.

And then, because she could not warn him, they caught Dick. He sought her; two soldiers were waiting. Miguel had need of him. He had a plan. And his evil old eyes twinkled merrily as he thought of it.

Dick was brought before him. He was scornful until he saw Dolores. He struggled to be free; across the guns of the guard she tried to reach him.

"So," said Miguel. He looked at the girl. "Not long since I made you an offer. I invited you to come here to stay—to be well treated so long as I did not tire of you. I promised, even, to find a lover for you when I was tired. Now—come, and your lover shall go free. Refuse—and he shall be shot, at once."

Despite the guards Dick freed himself for one long moment—a moment long enough for him to send his fist crashing into the governor's face. Then, indeed, Miguel saw red.

"I will have you!" he shrieked at Dolores. "And he shall die, as well! I will be merciful no longer! Take him out—shoot him!"

The soldiers promptly obeyed his order.

"Let her see him die!" commanded Miguel, with a fierce oath.

There was no delay. Five minutes later saw the firing squad ready. An officer stood, holding his handkerchief. Its fall would be the signal to fire. And then, suddenly, Dolores broke away and flung herself before Dick.

"If you shoot him you will kill me!" she cried.

There was a sudden stir among the soldiers. The rifles dropped.

"Fire!" screamed the officer.

But—this girl, after all, had been kind to them. And there was another thing. These were the soldiers Don Miguel had quartered on his peons. They had known the women of the peons. They had heard many things. One of them must have spoken first. What he said no one could remember, afterward. But in a moment, whatever it was, there had been a mutiny.

"Viva el insureccion!" they cried. They stormed toward Dick and freed him.

"Be our captain!" they pleaded. "Lead us to Villa!"

"First—let us catch Don Miguel," said Dick. "After him, my men!"

They scattered. And he took Dolores with him, away from the fighting that followed. Some of the officers rallied other soldiers; they could hear shouts and shots, yelling, and the tumult of the fight.

"They will win," said Dolores. "The men who saved you!"

"They're about ten to one—so they certainly ought to," said Dick. "Hello!"

They were in the gardens, behind the great house. And suddenly they saw the governor, running feebly. As he neared them he threw up his hands. A bullet had reached its mark in him.

"And all about that gold—and even now no one knows where it is!" said Dick. That was a week later, and he had established order, in the name of the rebel government. His wife was by his side.

"I know where it is," she said. "I did not come to you empty handed, after all!"

"Then Beat Him Till He Tells—or Until He Dies."

Fugitive Flickers

THE movie operator evidently believes that one good turn deserves another.

What has become of the old-fashioned movie exhibitor who used a megaphone to call in his audiences?

Limburger figures prominently in the war dispatches and would doubtless make strong atmosphere in filmland.

One rift of sunshine in the present war clouds is the fact that no one has announced exclusive rights to film Laura Jean Libbey's novels.

To the best of our knowledge and belief there will be no tenor drums connected with movie orchestras in heaven.

All currency that he manages to get hold of is emergency currency to the photoplay author.

Now that the war has well started we confidently look forward soon to many Belgian hairbreadth escapes on the motion picture screen.

The Shortcut Film Company wishes to announce that the Siege of Liege will be released just as soon as the stage carpenters can build a first-class rumored armistice as described in dispatches.

The Lonergan Family Circle

By William Lord Wright

LLOYD F. LONERGAN, his brother Philip Lonergan, and their sister, the attractive Miss Elizabeth Lonergan, have collectively written 1,125 produced motion picture stories. These stories have borne the trade names of almost every producing film concern in the universe. The Lonergan family circle can confidently claim the championship belt for the number of movie plots they have given to the great movie public.

It is a mighty hard undertaking to obtain any detailed information anent the wonderful work that is being accomplished by these versatile brothers and sister. They believe in saying nothing and writing scripts. Here is the record up-to-date:

Lloyd F. Lonergan, 800 photoplays.
Philip Lonergan, 225 photoplays.
Elizabeth Lonergan, 100 photoplays.
Making the grand total of 1,125 movie stories —and the end is not yet!

We recently assigned John William Kellette (another versatile photoplaywright, by the way), who "neighbors" with the talented Lonergan family at New Rochelle, N. Y., to get us all the details possible regarding the wonderful literary labors of this wonderful family. After much difficulty, Kellette delivered the goods, and much of the following information was gathered by him.

Lloyd F. Lonergan—champion scenario writer of the world!

Yet, had eyesight, along in the late 80's, been good, Lloyd F., the creator of "The Million Dollar Mystery," might never have written a scenario, because he would now be one of Uncle Sam's sea fighters with epaulets, gold braid and an international standing by reason of his entrance into naval affairs at Annapolis, Maryland, where he went from Hackensack, N. J., after winning his way through a long list of candidates in a competitive examination.

Chalk up something good against bad eyesight, because Lonergan as an author has done the world more good than would Lonergan as a sea fighter.

Lloyd F. Lonergan was born at Chicago, Ill., on March 3, 1870, and graduated from the public and high schools. After a short time at Annapolis his eyes failed him and he came back to Jersey, where his trenchant pen began to bring him forcibly before the public. He was a top-notcher in his newspaper connection, holding editorial "sits" on the New York World, New York Journal, Chicago Examiner and many others, and still retains his connection on the Portland Oregonian as New York correspondent, simply from sentiment.

His first story, written after Ed. Thanhouser, his brother-in-law, creator of Thanhouser films, ordered him to New Rochelle because he could not find a scenario editor, was produced, but, according to Lloyd, never released. "Aunt Nancy Telegraphs" was its title, and it must have been good to have been produced, but it never saw the commercial screen. This was in December, 1909, and since that time 800 stories have been projected, which undoubtedly makes Lonergan the greatest scenario writer that the world has ever produced. It is safe to say that before December, 1914, his fifth anniversary as a screen writer, his total will be about 1,000, which makes an average of 200 stories a year look like hard work. He considers "The Million Dollar Mystery," 46 reels, as his greatest achievement, and properly so, because in no other serial have thrills appeared which seemed perfectly logical and convincing. He likes, personally, comedy best, but drama, he claims, goes better if properly done.

"What are your best hours of work, Mr. Lonergan"? the scribe asked.

"Any old time when the spirit moves me. I have written at every hour of the day."

"How do you work"?

"My method is simple. I get an idea, 'dope' it out roughly, smooth off the rough corners, then dictate to a stenographer. I often work on more than one script at a time. I find that while working on drama, it rests me to dash off a comedy between."

Mr. Lonergan holds the distinction of being Director of productions at Thanhousers, which make him chief of about a dozen directors, who confer with him daily. He has no magazine connection now, but his work has appeared in Munsey's, Top Notch and others, but because of his diversified duties at the big studio he quit writing short stories. For several years he was political editor of the Hearst New York papers, and they do say that his prognostications were canny. He knew to a dot, weeks ahead of an election just who were to be elected and their plurality. He had his fingers on the public pulse. He seldom missed the target of truth when he talked politics.

Elizabeth Lonergan

Philip Lonergan

Lloyd F. Lonergan, Director of Production of the Thanhouser Corporation

Yet his studio work doesn't keep him altogether tied down, and he found time to devote to lodge work. He is a Past Master of Manual Lodge, No. 626, Free and Accepted Masons; an honorary member of Huguenot Lodge, New Rochelle, F. and A. M.; Life Member of New Rochelle Lodge of Elks and is a member of the Ed-Au Club of New York, composed of editors and authors in the field of the screen.

Mr. Lonergan has done a great deal for promising script writers. If he takes a liking to one and sees promise in his work, he takes the time to guide him. He has developed several.

At New Rochelle he enjoys life. He is sensible enough to have "boyish" hours, when he golfs, autos, swims, plays tennis and the like, and the writer wonders if Oliver Wendell Holmes did not have such a man as Lonergan in mind when he wrote:

> Call him not old, whose visionary brain
> Holds o'er the past its undivided reign.
> For him in vain the envious seasons roll,
> Who bears eternal summer in his soul.

And at Beacon Hall, his beautiful residence, he finds time to entertain, and with Mrs. Lonergan's help, he does that royally. His latch string has been pulled by some mighty important personages in the literary world, and recently he entertained Harold MacGrath, his wife and son, when his collaborator on "The Million Dollar Mystery" came to New Rochelle to confer with the Thanhouser chief. The Duke of Manchester was a recent guest and Mr. Lonergan insisted upon "working" him in a picture. When George M. Cohan wrote "45 Minutes From Broadway" and took New Rochelle as his theme he did almost irreparable injury, but Lloyd F. Lonergan in his five years has changed all that. Cohan made New Rochelle infamous, but Lonergan has made it famous as the home of "Thanhouser."

No one will envy him his remarkable record nor attempt to dethrone him as the world's greatest screen writer, because he has accomplished all this in a quiet way and really dislikes publicity. The interview quoted above had to be pried away from him by subterfuge, but a knowledge of the subject and his work for two years filled in the gap.

One would believe that the younger Lonergan would shine more or less in the reflected glory of his "big" brother Lloyd F. Lonergan, but while that is true in most cases it is not true of the recent editor of the Majestic, who is now editor of Thanhouser and Princess scripts.

Phil was born in Hackensack, New Jersey, May 18, 1885, and is a graduate of the Commercial High School, Brooklyn. He was some smart at that time because he came through with colors at the age of 17 and immediately forgot business and launched into literature.

He had no newspaper connection, but the magazines attracted him, and Short Stories was his vehicle. His best story, according to a recent chat the author had with him was "At the Switchboard," which appeared in All Story Magazine.

His entrance into the script game was fraught with peril. It is said that Lloyd F., his brother, didn't believe he could write scripts, and discouraged him, but he freelanced for Thanhouser while illness kept the chief away, and Phil's first story: "The Little Girl Next Door" went over big. That was in May, 1912, and since that time he has rolled up 225 scripts. Of that number 10 were adaptations, "L'Article 47" the best liked. Of original work Phil likes "The Lackey" best. This was a single he wrote while director of productions at Los Angeles in the Majestic plant. He finds drama his best vehicle for screen expression, but takes a flyer a comedy and works from a synopsis and upon more than one at a time.

It is said of Phil that he is a "bearcat" for work. When he went to Majestic he began to instill system and eighteen hours a day was nothing for him. At the Thanhouser plant he is responsible, now, for four reels a week, or three distinct stories, and is about two months ahead of his schedule. He can see a story in anything and everything. It depends upon what angle he sees it whether it is drama or comedy, which is some considerable gift. All of his stories have the "punch," and he believes suspense to be the best element in a picture.

He finds night the best time to work. While the earth is breathing and the gas meter is busy down cellar Phil likes to sit at the "mill" and get back at the neighbors who work automatic pianos. The click of the typewriter is music to him and he produces a script in a few hours. He also finds time to dash off short stories that won't make good screen scripts,

(Continued on page 32)

Felicia of the Films

The Letters of a Would-be Movie Star

III

BETTY, DEAR:— September 3, 1914.

Things are happening to me here in Chicago that make Danville seem so far away that I haven't felt like letter writing. I wish that you were here, so that I could tell you things, instead of writing letters. On second thought, I'm glad you're not—it's such an unreal world I'm living in. It's all right for me, I guess, for I know how to take care of myself, but I'm glad you're safe in Danville, anyhow.

I think I'm going to get along all right as a movie actress. At least Carl Webber says so. Remember, I wrote you about Mr. Webber? He is the only person around here who has treated me like a human being. The rest don't pay much attention to me. You see, I'm nothing but an unknown extra, and, with dozens of other extras to chose from, far prettier and better dressed than I am, why I'm not noticed at all. In all towns there are dozens of girls like me, who think that they would be the Sarah Bernhardt of the movies if they could only get a chance to do some of their poses in front of a camera. If they came up to Chicago and saw the hundreds of girls who live at home, usually near the studios, who don't have anything else to do but hang around studios with the hopes of being in a picture once in a while, why maybe they'd change their minds. One of the extras here at Triple Tee owns a hat shop on Broadway, up-to-date, good-looking, paying hat shop. But she's movie-mad and every day she comes up to the studio and sits in line with the dozens of other extras waiting to be picked out for a picture. She's no beauty, but she looks pretty well in the films so she gets in some pictures, occasionally.

Some of the extra girls are really in society, not the exclusive Lake-Forest-North-Shore society, of course, but in a own-your-home-and-car set and they hang around in order to be extras, too. Other extras are out-of-work chorus girls and some perfectly good-looking girls who are conceited enough to want to show off on the films. Being an extra is a fine thing for amusement, but a mighty poor way of earning a living. Girls who get real salaries every week for selling ribbons and men who can persuade their employers that they are really worth the fifteen per they are paid every Saturday night had best keep their jobs instead of trying to get in a moving picture company. They may have a future as a star, but they'd have an awfully hard time trying to prove it.

I thought by the time I'd be in Chicago this long I'd be a real star or, if not a star, at least a principal, with important roles and a maid in white cap and apron. None of the principals here have maids, except in the pictures, and me—why I'm still an extra.

After being in the two pictures I wrote you about I felt quite encouraged. You see, if I could be in two pictures each week I'd make enough money to pay for my room and buy my meals, especially if I'd be lucky enough to "graft" a meal, occasionally. The other extra girls here are always talking about "grafting" meals and don't think anything of it. I'd never have done such a thing as "graft" in Danville, but here in Chicago, it's different, I guess. Maybe I'm getting broader.

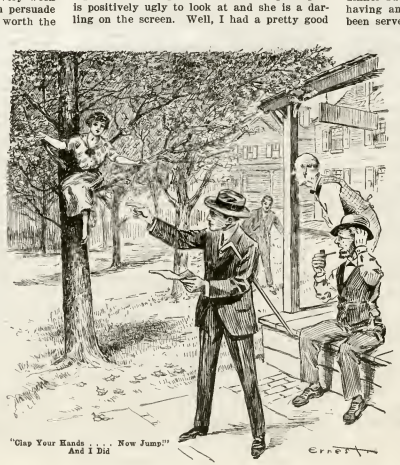
I thought sure I'd be able to get in two pictures at least, in a week, but it didn't seem that way until now—but that's what this letter is about.

The week after I wrote you I was only in one picture. I walked around a fountain with some girls, waiting for Jack LeRoy, you've seen him in the films, I know. He's one of the stars, here at Triple Tee. We extras were supposed to have answered a matrimonial advertisement in a paper. All we had to do was to stand around, and giggle. It was easy to do, of course—anybody can giggle.

The week after that I wasn't in a single picture all week. It was just bad luck, I suppose. The directors would chose a few extras, but they wouldn't chose me. No big scene requiring a lot of extras was being made and that's one reason I didn't get in. You see, a lot of even important pictures call for only a few characters. As these are taken by the principals, the extras don't even get a look-in at those pictures. (Do my letters sound slangy? I'm absorbing a lot of Chicago and movie slang, I guess.)

It's lonesome, being an extra. For I've nothing to do, all day long, after I know I won't be in a picture. I read and walk and go down town and look in the shops. But doing things alone, when you haven't any money to spend, isn't a lot of fun.

I'm a regular extra, though. This is how you get to be a regular extra: You talk to the manager and he takes your name and makes notes, like he did to me. Then you send in your pictures. He looks you and your pictures over and if he thinks you are hopeless, the next time you call he tells you how sorry he is that he can't use you, and a lot of stuff like that. If he thinks that you might "film" well, why, you get a "try-out," that is, you are put in a mob scene with a lot of other girls and men. Then, after the picture is taken and developed, it is shown at a little studio that is right here at the Triple Tee plant. Only the managers and directors inspect this first run of pictures. Mr. Webber told me about this try-out. The directors look at the extras and make comments about them. Sometimes, you know, a perfectly beautiful girl takes a horrible picture, without any expression or grace. And sometimes plain girls look perfectly lovely on the films. Why, right here at Triple Tee one of the principals is positively ugly to look at and she is a darling on the screen. Well, I had a pretty good film-face, I guess, for in the first picture I was in they passed me and now my name is on the list to chose from.



"Clap Your Hands . . . . Now Jump!" And I Did

Now it's up to the producers. Each producer can pick out the girls he wants for extras. Then, as the extras become better and better, a producer can pick out his favorite for a small part. If she makes good, she gets more and more important parts and finally is chosen to be a real principal on a salary. That's what I want to be—if I can.

I got mighty blue, the week I wasn't in any pictures. You know I didn't have much money when I left Danville and what I had grew less and less, though I tried eating as little as I could and didn't spend a penny of it for clothes. I got so lonesome and discouraged and the days seemed so long, going over to the studio every day and sitting around chatting to the extras and then coming home again, that I almost decided to go back to Danville, though goodness knows I didn't want to.

Mr. Webber has been mighty nice to me during the blue spells. You know, I didn't trust him at first, for he has sharp eyes that look cruel and he talks awfully sarcastically to people who are under him. But I guess I misjudged him. He can't help his looks, you know. He took me to dinner every second night, for a week. I guess I wouldn't have accepted so many invitations from one man, ordinarily, but I was so lonesome and blue, and then, too, my money was running lower and lower, and "grafting" is a lot cheaper than buying meals, I guess.

Last Tuesday, when I went with Mr. Webber, I felt just about as unhappy as I could. I hadn't been in any pictures. My room rent wasn't paid and I had only two dollars and a little loose change. I knew father would send me my fare back to Danville, but I wanted to stay here in Chicago. I had thought of trying to get a job some place, but I'm "unskilled labor" and couldn't earn but a few dollars per week—and if I did get a job I'd be away from Triple Tee with no chances at all to make good there.

Mr. Webber ordered an awfully nice little dinner but I couldn't eat it, thinking about not having any money. Just after the salad had been served a tear came into my eye and fell into it. Mr. Webber saw.

"What is the matter, little girl?" he asked. He has a nice voice, rather deep and low, when he isn't angry.

I tried not to tell him. I smiled and said, "Oh, nothing at all," but the smile didn't last very long. Then he leaned across the table and took one of my hands.

"Miss Carter," he said, "I know something is wrong. Have you had bad news? Won't you tell me? Maybe I can help you."

He was sympathetic, and you know what sympathy means when one is discouraged and lonesome. So I told him all about everything, about father and Danville and about father marrying again and that his wife didn't understand me, exactly, and how I came to Chicago to be a movie actress and finally, how all my money was gone and that I was afraid I'd have to go back again.

"Is that all?" asked Mr. Webber, with a smile. I didn't like his smile a bit, then, but maybe, I didn't notice it right, because my eyes were full of tears. When I dried my eyes and looked again, it was a kind smile.

"All," I echoed, "isn't it pretty nearly everything to not have any money and be all alone in Chicago,

IV

September 17, 1914.

DEAR BETTY-GIRL:—

I've been in five more pictures, all in two weeks, I have!

Five hurrahs!

I feel like a real movie actress. I know I'm going to be a real one, before long, though, of course, I'm still an extra.

The weeks have flown so fast that I've had no time to answer your letters, though I enjoy them a lot, honestly.

The pictures were all fun and I like the movies better every day.

Carl has been simply fine about getting me in pictures. I wrote you about him, I guess. His name is Carl Webber and he's ages and ages older than I am, about thirty-five I guess. I always called him Mr. Webber until last week, when he asked me to call him Carl. It seemed rather—well—forward—of me to call a director by his first name, but I couldn't get out of it very well. It's awfully informal around a picture studio, though, after you get to know people. Lots of people call him Carl and all of the principals call each other by their first names. So when Carl calls me Felicia it makes me feel that I really "belong."

That Evening I Went to Dinner With Carl

I've met nearly all of the principals. Of course, there weren't any formal introductions. I'm only a extra, but they all speak to me and I've been out on pictures with them. The extras all clique together and so do the principals. I haven't any special chum, though, for most of the extras are awfully silly.

You know all of the Triple Tee principals by their pictures, of course. I guess Jack LeRoy is the best known for Triple Tee feature him in most of their pictures. He is just as good looking as I thought he'd be and is a real gentleman, courteous and smiling, and not a bit noisy or boastful. Being a movie star is a lot of work, though. I never knew anybody in the world could be as popular as Jack LeRoy. Every girl in every small town in the world must think that he looks like an affinity for they all write him long letters and ask for his pictures and send him theirs. It's easy enough to see how girls do get a crush on Mr. LeRoy, but it's pretty hard on him. He doesn't care about any of the girls that write to him, but he seems pleased at the sensible letters. Some of the movie actors laugh at the letters, they get from girls and show them to other men who start a correspondence that sometimes turns out unpleasantly, but Mr. LeRoy answers all of the letters, except the silliest ones, and sends dozens of pictures. The other day I heard him say he got fifty letters in one mail.

Most of the actors are mighty different, off the film, than I thought they'd be. Clark Monroe is a sneering, dark-skinned man who uses bad English. He used to be a regular actor with small road companies, but never made a success. Brnce Spalding is the big, ugly comedian. He's jolly and happy and always busy, helping set scenery, giving suggestions about details in furnishings and "tinkering" with the "property" automobile. He's loud and slangy and everybody likes him.

Andrew McCain is the old actor I met the day I came to Triple Tee. He is kindly and slow-speaking and friendly. Only yesterday he touched me on the arm, as I passed him.

"I see you're getting along all right, little lady," he said. "Just keep it up, you'll succeed, I know."

Wasn't that dear of him? He's so friendly and old and shabby-looking that I want to hug him and thank him for just being himself. It's so seldom that people dare to be natural in a city.

The women principals are all quite pleasant. They pay absolutely no attention to me. Remember Hilda Scott? Well, off stage, she's big and dull and calm and stupid. I don't believe that an explosion of bombs right under her feet would make her do more than say "Well, really," and look bored. But she never interferes with anyone and the directors all like to have her work in their pictures for she does just as she is told to do with no suggestions or remarks.

Laura Trudell is rather snippy when she doesn't like folks and is awfully jealous. I'm glad she doesn't envy me for she's the sort you'd hate to have mad at you.

Movie actors are a lot more human than you'd suppose. No lobster or champagne or fast living for them. They lead quiet, domestic lives. Bruce Spalding has an automobile, painted bright green, and he spends all of his spare time in it. The Gertings have a little apartment quite near the Triple Tee studio. Trixie Gerting used to be a chorus girl and Mr. Gerting was once an actor and then a theatrical manager. They dress like conservative society people and are terribly happy. I wish I knew them better.

The way I got to know most of the principals was in "A Trip to the Country." In this picture, some city people go out to a farm for a visit. I was one of them. Carl was the assistant producer of it. We left in three big automobiles and the Triple Tee bus. The extras were all in the bus, but there was no room for me so I rode in an automobile with Hilda Scott, Trixie Gerting and a Miss Lucas, a professional dancer. We drove out to a big, old-fashioned country house. We took some pictures and then had lunch out under the trees, a big picnic lunch. It was lots of fun.

After lunch there was a scene in which some one had to climb a tree. Most of the extras were afraid for they had on quite dress-up clothes. My Danville clothes never had any style, anyhow, and they were about worn out so I climbed. It's a good thing I was a tomboy when I was a little girl. I would have died of humiliation if I'd have tumbled down. But I didn't. I climbed and then jumped down.

Mr. Gerting was the director.

"Good, do it like that again," he said. So I did. The camera man turned the little handle of the camera. I was so nervous, for fear of spoiling the picture that everything turned black and I had to say to myself "If you fall down they'll kick you out of Triple Tee. Climb faster. You've got a chance. Make good." It was only a little stunt, but I did make good. I climbed far up.

"Clap your hands and laugh," shouted Mr. Gerting. I did.

"Now jump," he said. It was pretty high, but all I cared about was the picture. It came to me suddenly why people are willing to risk their lives for successful pictures. It's a sort of do-it-for-the-sake-of-the-game feeling. I jumped. Mr. Gerting said "Good stuff," and everybody clapped their hands. I felt almost important.

That night I went to dinner with Carl. He said he heard several principals say I would make good. You bet I felt proud and happy.

The other pictures I've been in were simple things—sitting in a restaurant, buying something in a store, walking down a street. But I've had one chance, anyhow.

I was going to give Carl back some of the money I borrowed, but I tore my dress climbing the tree and I needed it for clothes. You see, Triple Tee furnishes only fancy ball-room clothing and costumes for dramatic pictures. I'm wearing the old things I came to Danville in and I really need some simple "city" things. I talked it over with Carl when he took me to dinner last night.

"Don't let that debt enter your head, little girl," he told me. "You buy some clothes. You could be in more pictures if you had a better wardrobe. The money will come later."

I'll go shopping in a day or two. I know just what I want now and they won't be like the things I had in Danville, either.

FELICIA.

with nothing to do?"

"Why we can remedy that in a minute," he said. "I guess I should have told you before that you take an excellent picture. It's just a matter of waiting. You're sure to make good in the end."

It was nice to hear that, of course. But the fact remained that I didn't have money enough to wait until I could make good. I had been waiting quite a while already. I told him that.

"That's the easiest of all," he said. "You know I believe in your ultimate success. I'll lend you the money."

It seems awful to write that, but it seemed all right when he said it. But I remembered the attitude in Danville about borrowing money so I told him, "No, I'd go home before I borrowed anything." He said that would be silly because I had already had a try-out and a start—I had been in three pictures, you know. He said he'd lend me the money and I could pay him back as soon as I earned it.

"I didn't quite understand how things were, with you," he said. "You know I've been made a director and I can put you in a lot of pictures, so the money needn't worry you at all. Besides, you really have talent and will succeed if given half a chance."

As he talked to me it seemed childish not to take the money from him. He acted almost like a brother, I think, though I never had one, you know. So finally I said yes. It seemed the best solution. The next day he slipped the money into my hand.

It was thirty dollars.

I know you won't approve of this. It would sound perfectly awful in Danville. But I believe if you were here you'd see it the way I do. Anyhow, it's done now and I'm glad of it, for it means I can stay here and succeed.

That was last week. This week I've been in only one picture and Mr. Webber put me in that one. I was a telephone girl in an office and sat at a switchboard. It was easy. I wish I could try something hard. Mr. Webber says that he's been busy this week finishing up some pictures and he had to use the same extras he started with, because their features were registered, that is, the people seeing the pictures would recognize them. Next week, he says, he can use me a lot.

I'm hoping.

Your letters are fine and cheery. Write me some Danville news, I want to hear about everything.

FELICIA.

A Camera for a Scout

© International News Service
Thousands of Loyal Britishers Answered Lord Kitchener's Call for a Civilian Army. The Picture Shows the Horse Guards' Parade, London

© International News Service
An Actual Photograph of the Landing of the Wounded English Soldiers at Folkstone, England

Taggart Says Goodbye to England and the Lady Spy

ENGLAND was good, and welcome. Even Taggart was a little sick of war, a little tired of horrors. As for Billy Reynolds he announced, with decision, that he didn't care if he never saw another battle. They had had a pretty narrow escape in Hanover, all things considered. To aid a spy, or even a suspected spy, to escape from the long arm of the German army's justice was a serious thing. And the fact that neither Taggart nor his camera man had known that the girl was a spy would not have helped them at all.

And so England, even an England at war, and appearing in a new and unaccustomed aspect, was a welcome sight to them. What the girl thought may go without saying, I imagine. She didn't talk very much to Taggart on the trip from Holland across the channel. She was too tired. Most of the time she slept. Once or twice she did speak, to officials, and, though he did not hear what she said, Taggart could understand that it carried weight. She smoothed out difficulties once or twice. But, in the main, she wanted to be let alone. He understood that, and did not force himself upon her.

"She'll drop you," said Billy Reynolds, morosely. "There's class to that dame—I know the sort. She's got all she wants out of you—and now she's through. I held an umbrella over one like her once, and the next time I saw her she wouldn't see me!"

But Billy was wrong. Just before the vessel got permission to proceed, under the guidance of a naval officer, through the mine strewn harbor of Southampton—they had had to come a long way round—the girl came up to Taggart.

"I think it's going to be my turn to help you, now," she said. "You're an American, aren't you? And you haven't any particular credentials—except some very compromising films?"

"That's about right," said Taggart, wondering a little.

"You may have those films so well hidden that they won't find them," she mused. "But—they're getting very clever. Will you tell me something—can you? Will you tell me that there is nothing in those films of yours that could hurt England?"

"I certainly will!" said Taggart, with enthusiasm. "In fact—it's the other way. I believe there are pictures there that your general staff could use to advantage. The Germans are creatures of habit. If they do a thing once in a certain way they're mighty likely to keep on doing it that same way." He hesitated. "I'll be frank with you," he said. "I believe I've got stuff here of the utmost value. And I'm pretty strong for your people. They haven't tried to shoot me yet—they haven't even put me in jail. So that sort of lifts them up with me. I'd like them to get any benefit there may be in these films. But—I'm not an Englishman, after all. I'm working for my company. And I guess that if your government knew I had these films they'd never leave England. That's where I stand. My loyalty is to my company, first of all."

The girl nodded.

"That's fair," she said. "I think I'll be able to do something. My name, you know"—she smiled, suddenly—"is—well, it isn't Jones, or whatever it was you made those stupid Germans in Hanover believe! It's Cleveden, as a matter of fact. And my father, if he isn't so awfully well known, has a lot of—what you call pull! You see, he's done most of his work under cover. The foreign office knows him very well, indeed, but it's been much safer for him not to have the majority of people understand his work. Now, when we land, you are going to come in for a lot of questions. I think you'd better let me answer them for you. I'm going to claim you as a very old friend." She blushed a little. "Perhaps I shan't go as far as you did with the Germans. I don't believe it will be necessary for us to be engaged, you know. But we'll be very old friends—if you don't mind?"

Taggart intimated that he didn't mind! And his state of mind was not wholly due to those priceless strips of film that were hidden in the linings of the coats that he and Reynolds wore. Those strips of film were a pictorial history of much of the fighting along the Franco-German border. And there was one, the most valuable of all, that recorded the destruction of a huge new Zeppelin by a French monoplane that had flown half across Germany to launch its linked bombs and wreck the big dirigible as it floated over Lake Constance.

Such old friends as Taggart and Miss Cleveden traveled to London together, naturally. But before they could do that they saw something of Southampton in time of war. Most Americans don't know Southampton at all—most Americans who have passed through it, I mean. And a great many do, for it is the most convenient of ports both for embarkation and landing. It has the most wonderful system of docks in the world. You step off your ship, walk a dozen yards, and there a train awaits you, that will, in due time, slip out, reach the main line, and whirl you to London without a stop. It is the same way when you are sailing. You take the boat train in London, and it lands you, literally, right opposite the ship.

So most Americans who have been there must have about the same idea of Southampton that one who travels on the Twentieth Century Limited has of—say, Syracuse. Taggart was one of these. But this time no boat train was waiting. The docks were closed to all save troop trains. After they had run the gauntlet of the guards who inspected every passenger, the two movie men and Miss Cleveden were escorted to the gates of the docks. Soldiers were everywhere. These docks, precious beyond all measure, since they formed the finest of all points of embarkation for British troops on their way to the continent to relieve the pressure on the French armies in the north of France, had to be closely guarded.

Here was the first definite revelation of the changed England. England, in normal times, suggests the militarism of the continent of Europe as little as does Boston or New York. There are more soldiers than we have on view, but not so many more. And officers in England, as with us, don't wear their uniforms except when they are, so to speak, working at their trade. Now uniforms were everywhere. Passing the hotels, the little party found them full of officers, and closed entirely to ordinary guests. They went on to the railroad station; here, too, a cordon of sentries barred the way.

"I'll send some telegrams," said Miss Cleveden. "Can you drive a car, Mr. Taggart? If you can I'll have one available pretty soon, I think. I've really got to get to London. And I suppose you would like to be there, too."

"Can he drive a car!" said Billy Reynolds, scornfully. "He invented them!"

"Shut up!" growled Taggart. But he admitted, in more modest words, that he could manage a motor. It was part of his job to be able to handle a car, as a matter of fact. Or he thought it was. If there is any department of human endeavor that Taggart doesn't consider it his duty to understand, to some extent at least, I don't know what it is. His theory is that you can never tell what is going to be needed in a picture. In that, as in other things, he resembled a first class newspaper man, who can write convincingly about anything from the Dalai Lama to submarines. He may not know much about his subject himself, but he can write so that you will think he does, even if

you are the Lama or a submarine or what not!

But that is beside the point, which is that Miss Cleveden produced the car. In a day when the army was using every known means of transportation, public or private, that was an achievement in itself. At any rate, it was not long before Taggart was guiding the car, with the girl to point out the road, through the pleasant Hampshire country. By that time it was dusk, but it was the prolonged dusk of England, where there is a real twilight, and night does not suddenly impinge upon day, as it does with us. And everywhere there were uniforms. Khaki, mostly, but there were a few anachronistic survivals of an earlier day. The old red uniforms appeared here and there, as they passed through villages. The girl's eyes filled with tears at the sight of boys, drilling on the commons.

"Volunteers," she said. "And here—this is nothing! Up in the midlands and the north, in the districts about the factory towns—there'll you see hundreds for every one down here! There they are massed—packed in." She shuddered. "And they're all going to be needed!" she said, with a sigh. "The pity of it! They've got to go over there and fight that awful machine the Germans have built up. These—and more. Look!"

They were passing a garden, and there four young men were playing tennis—at nine o'clock at night, mind you, and without straining their eyes.

"They'll be going, too," she said. "They haven't waked up yet. But they will—and there's time enough."

It was late when they reached London. And, well as Taggart knew that city, it was hard for him to recognize it. It was the same, and yet vastly different.

"The Horse Guards?" said Taggart, supposing she would want to make an immediate report to the War Office.

"No. Downing street, please," she said. "And then—where do you stay here? Or doesn't it matter?"

"Not a bit," said Taggart.

"Then, if you'll go to the Ritz they'll look after you, no matter how crowded they are," she said. "Give them this card. They'll take care of the machine, too. I'll get home all right. And in the morning I'll telephone to you. You've done so much for me. You don't realize how important it may be. And I can't tell you. But I'm going to get even, as you Americans say. I think I can do something for you and your pictures."

Taggart bowed as she left the car.

"If you can, I'll be grateful," he said. "That's my first duty, of course. But please don't think you're under any obligation to me."

She smiled and was gone. And Taggart turned away. He drove through silent streets, and in a little while Billy Reynolds sat up and protested, sleepily.

"You're not going toward the Ritz," he complained.

"I know that," said Taggart, cheerfully. "We've got some work to do yet. Got to make a test on those films. We may have to retake some of them—especially that dirigible smash."

If Reynolds had been just a little less tired he might have mutinied. But as it was he was so exhausted that he was completely under the domination of Taggart. And before they went to the Ritz he had visited the London office of Taggart's company, aroused the man who was there on night duty, and developed enough film to know that they had wasted little or none. Then, with a new outfit to take the place of the one they had abandoned in Switzerland, they went to the Ritz and to sleep. The Ritz had turned away two hundred that night, but it made room for them—such was the potency of the lines scribbled on Miss Cleveden's card.

Try to picture the comfort of that bed! The delight of the luxury that succeeded what they had been enduring since they left Rotterdam for the wild dash along the borders of Alsace and Lorraine, the trip through Switzerland, the adventurous journey through Germany back to Holland and the final crowded crossing of the sea to England! I doubt if you can do it. Taggart got up once, in the night, at a sound in the street that required explanation. He looked down. Pall Mall was full. Down the street, in perfect time, men were marching, men in khaki. There was something different about them. They had neither the volatile manner of the French, nor the heavy, stolid look of German conscripts. But they looked deadly; they looked like men who were off for the front because they wanted to go. They reminded Taggart of a college football team, at home, running out to take the field before its great game of the year.

"Good luck!" he cried, softly, from his window.

And then he went back to bed, and to sleep—to be aroused, hours later, by the insistent ringing of the telephone by his bedside. He answered sleepily; the girl's voice, as fresh as if she had had nothing to tire her, was in his ear.

"I made them keep on ringing," she said. "It's a shame—but it's really important, too. Can you be ready, and have had some breakfast in an hour? If you can I'll come to the hotel, and meet you in the lounge. I have news for you."

"I can," said Taggart, briefly. "An hour, you say? Good—because it will take me most of that to wake Reynolds up."

He did a little better than that with Reynolds. If there was a scarcity of food in London, as the papers in Berlin had said, the Ritz did not show it. They had a breakfast fit for the gods, though, to be sure, they were in no mood to be critical. So many mornings, of late, had passed without any breakfast at all! And they were waiting for the girl when she appeared. She had changed a good deal; it was plain that she had found comforts, too.

"We are to go to the war office directly," she said, without prelude. "They were quite pleased with what I brought them—though, of course, it was the man who got the information who really did the work. And they're very grateful to you for the way you helped me through. Do you know, Mr. Taggart, they were looking for you? They've heard of you, it seems. Didn't you try to get permission to go with the army to take pictures?"

"Yes," said Taggart, flushing a little. "And they were so infernally polite I almost thanked them for turning me down! Quite different from the French. They said they'd shoot me if I tried it—so, of course, I knew just where I stood."

"Yes," said the girl, with a smile. "Well, it seems they thought you might try to get your pictures, anyhow. You did something at an office in Victoria street last night, didn't you? I think you'll find a sentry there now!"

Taggart stared.

"That's one on me," he confessed. "One gets to thinking England doesn't know how to play this war game—except in the field. But I guess that's wrong."

"You mean to say they've swiped those films?" said Billy Reynolds, interrupting suddenly. His face was red and there was a fierce gleam in his eyes. "I won't stand for it! They belong to us! I'll—"

Taggart suppressed him. And then, leaving Billy behind—not being a diplomat, he was considered dangerous—Taggart and Miss Cleveden betook themselves to the war office.

"You're going to see Lord Kitchener," said Miss Cleveden, impressively. "He knows all about you and what you've done, so don't try to tell him anything. Answer his questions—and as briefly as you can. He'll decide about your films, you see. We're not quite sure of anything in England—except him. And just now he's king and prime minister and police and the courts of law, all rolled together. He's the most absolute dictator we've ever had—because we all know that he can and will decide things, by himself. It isn't legal and it isn't constitutional. But—"

"I know," said Tag-

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The Indian Native Regiments Who Constitute No Small Part of England's Fighting Force

gart. "He's all right, too. I'll stand for anything he says, because I'm pretty sure he'll be fair."

Taggart went in alone to see the man who was at the heart of England in the time of trial. Subordinates were entering every moment, and Kitchener listened attentively to those who made verbal reports. Taggart he turned inside out in five minutes. He learned exactly what the movie man had done, for Taggart felt it was a time for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The keen, blue eyes, like points of steel, never varied in their expression. Just once did he make a comment.

"Bit of an ass, that German colonel, wasn't he?" he said. "You should have been shot at once, of course. Anyone could have developed your films—later."

That wasn't cheering. Yet, when he had finished answering questions, Kitchener nodded.

"I'll see your films," he said. "I think I can let you send them to America, too. You will be under surveillance as long as you remain in England. Please don't try to escape it."

That was all. For forty-eight hours after that Taggart and Reynolds had the novel sensation of having nothing to do. Billy Reynolds, following his usual custom, went to the cinemas that dot London—that being the British term for a movie house. Billy was like the majority of baseball players, who, having a day off, are usually to be found at a baseball game. When the films were returned, with a note saying that they had passed the censorship, Taggart saw them off on a steamer that flew the American flag. And then he grew pensive. All Northern France was ablaze. And England, while it was full of life and color of a sort created by the war, palled upon him. He and Reynolds exhausted most of its picture possibilities in two days.

"He told me not to try to escape surveillance," mused Taggart. "I don't want to. I don't think it would be healthy. But he said that I was to do that as long as I stayed in England. Perhaps he thought I'd be going home—but he didn't say that. Billy, let's you and I cross the channel."

"We can't," said Billy, resignedly. "I looked it up. There aren't any boats running—except for soldiers. And if we enlist they won't let us take any pictures."

"Right, old dear," said Taggart. "But I didn't say we were going in a steamer, did I? There are other ways. You wait."

He went to see Miss Cleveden. He had done that several times, chiefly, as he explained to Billy, to pass the time. This may have been true; Billy had his doubts, however, which we are permitted to share. She was a charming girl; moreover, she was very grateful to Taggart for having saved her life, or, at least, her liberty. And he was just as grateful to her for having given him a chance to do it. This call, however, was strictly on business. Miss Cleveden grew a little white when he made his suggestion. But she promised to see what could be done. And when he went to her for news she was very grave.

"They say you'd be taking a desperate chance, but that they won't stop you," she reported. "They assume no responsibility of any sort. You'll have to sign some papers to that effect. But if you—if you get away with it—isn't that your phrase?—I think you'll be able to go anywhere you like afterward."

And now came a curious illustration of the complex psychology of Billy Reynolds, who pretended to hate war and all its risks.

"Dirigible, eh?" he said, when Taggart explained his new plan. "Why didn't you say so before? I always did want to take some stuff from one of those things!"

And so it came about that a British transport carried the two Americans to Calais, and that there they met one Lieutenant Leighton, who grinned cheerfully at them, and told of the risks he ran as an air scout.

"They'll get me sooner or later, of course," he said, indifferently. "Maybe this trip—maybe another. But I think it would be ripping to have you chaps along. It's hard to carry all you see in your head."

So they rose with him in the dirigible. And a flight of two hours brought them over country where they was already much fighting. This

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While the Airship Floated, Like Some Brooding Eagle, Billy's Camera Worked

machine had been especially selected; it was equipped with a new stabilizer, a secret of the British war office. While it floated, like some brooding eagle, Billy's camera worked.

After all, there was no great danger. The machine was high; so high that to the naked eye what was going on below looked like the operations of an army of ants. But Taggart had learned, on the Drina, with the Servians, that the camera's eye, reenforced by his telescopic device, could see many things that were supposed to be securely hidden.

And so it proved in this case. Below, facing a heavy German fire, were French and British troops. To the west, hidden from those below, but plainly in sight of Taggart and the others in the air, was the silver flash of the sea. From the east came the muffled but incessant roar of the heavy guns where the center was engaged. And, somehow, Taggart was struck by a feeling that all was not right. He spoke to Leighton, and the officer nodded. In a moment the dirigible was winging its way north and west, heading straight over German territory.

"We're all right—unless we run into a German 'plane or two," said the pilot. "As long as we stay up like this they can't touch us. But what are you after, anyhow?"

"Germans, off to your left," said Taggart, cocking a wise eye at the country below. He told, briefly, of the affair upon the Drina. And Leighton laughed.

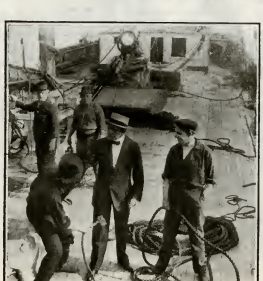
"We heard of that, of course," he said. "Good little fighters, those Servians. But we wondered how they found out. You think there may be something like that here? Our intelligence department isn't quite as bad as the Servian, you know. I fancy we'd hear of it."

And yet, four hours later, films developed in Calais showed that two German army corps had been silently moved to the extreme right of the German line. Within a minute the wireless was crackling; three hours later the Franco-British left had begun to swing around, ready to face the reenforced Germans on a new line. And the fact that the despatches never mentioned why that movement was made didn't prevent Taggart from receiving a brief note of thanks signed by the personal aide of the French chief of staff.

He got something more, something he prized much more highly. He got permission to make pictures, with his headquarters in Paris, of any fighting there might be about the capital. What he did would be subject to the censorship, of course. But he had more than any other photographer had been able to get.

(To Be Continued)

A Week at Sea



TO SPEND a week on the high seas in an antique, wooden bottom ship is not the most pleasant vacation to anticipate. However, Frank Crane (S. P. D.) and his Imp Company, including Alexander Gaden, Dorothy Phillips, Howard Grampton and Stuart Paton have just returned from such a trip—and it was anything but a vacation. The players slept in rat infested berths, cooked their meals—or rather had them cooked by an "old salt"—over a smelling oilstove and suffered all the pangs of an unruly stomach. And they worked. "On the High Seas" is the title of the two-reel play Frank has been producing. It is from the pen of his assistant, Stuart Paton.

One of the interesting incidents of this trip—an incident that forms one of the thrillers of the play—was the fall Paton took from the bowsprit forty feet into the briny deep. Be it said that Paton held the sprint swimming championship of Scotland (his birthplace) for four years. Director Crane states that the picture will stand as one of the best melodramatic romances he has ever produced.

Helps to the Solution of the Million Dollar Mystery

(Continued from page 14)

secure the writing of both men? Would it be different at times, and again be the same?

Hargreave is undoubtedly living in comfort. We might say that he is living in his own house—but, in the twelfth episode, he did not enter the residence through some secret channel. He ran out on the lawn. Maybe he was agitated—or his secret way was blocked. Perhaps he had seen Braine and Olga coming in the taxi. Despite these inconsistencies, Hargreave is living a well-ordered life, has money and enjoys comforts. Probably he has detectives employed. He may consult capable lawyers. He comes into possession of considerable knowledge regarding the movements of the Black Hundred. If he knows all about his enemies' plans, why did he not trap the secret Russian agent in the thirteenth episode? Was the secret agent somebody Hargreave knew in Russia, and was he afraid to be seen? If Hargreave has remained within the Black Hundred all these years, could it not have been because the American branch consisted of newer members than the old, original Russian council? Is that why Braine depended upon the photograph to identify Hargreave? If these are the facts, then Hargreave could have continued all these years as a member, but would have absented himself when the secret agent appeared, particularly if Hargreave and that agent were old acquaintances. In this case, Hargreave would have preferred to listen from a room above the council chamber, as Mr. MacGrath says he did. He would not dare be identified as a member.

During the next eight episodes, you would better decide the manner of life Hargreave is living when you do not see him. Then you will be better able to determine what he would be most likely to do. To help you, I shall present two possible situations. These are not given to you as final. They are simply intended to help you reason: Hargreave Theory No. 1: Hargreave and Jones may be twins or "doubles." Sometimes Hargreave is doing duty as the butler; again Hargreave is absent. Hargreave may live in the House of Mystery, a large residence that may have a secret room

Gradually More Intimate Knowledge of Conditions Comes to Florence

or two. While Hargreave is in the residence he may have his meals smuggled in by Jones, or, if he is posing as Jones, he sits at the servants' table. He may have a secret stairway that connects with Jones' room, going and coming as he likes, keeping his clothes in Jones' dresser or closet. Hargreave could fare forth to suit himself, attending Black Hundred meetings, or assuming disguises and looking after any detail of his business. Hargreave Theory No. 2: Hargreave may have long kept up an apartment, if not in his home town, then in New York. He may even have had an office and pretended to be a lawyer or a detective. He could have made his business colorless and obscure. He could have called himself Smith, Jones, Brown, or what he chose. He did not have to cultivate friends. In a great city, a man can be more alone than he could ever be in a small town. With a good business head on his shoulders, Hargreave could have invested in real estate, or could have owned a line of ships and the world would have been none the wiser. He may have had a steady income, amounting to much more than his expenditures, thus giving him a tremendous advantage over the Black Hundred. His attorney may have known the facts, or not known them. Hargreave could have provided for the welfare of Florence in the event he disappeared. At all times, he may have been hedged in with powerful protection. He did not appear at his office for days at a time, he could be "out of town" so far as his office force, landlord or housekeeper knew. An occasional 'phone message to his lawyer would have been sufficient.

Remember these are only theories. I could construct several of them, but the idea I wish to convey is this: Hargreave must eat, sleep, bathe, shave and follow out some well-ordered existence. Despite this common sense view of him, have you not permitted yourself to let him remain as a "figment of the mind?" So long as you continue to regard him as an unknown quantity behind a curtain—as an unseen player—playing against you for ten-thousand-dollar stakes—just so long will your theories regarding him be hazy.

I am now going to help you trail Hargreave by setting down some Hargreave clues: 1—He had long expected trouble with the Black Hundred; eighteen years before it occurred, he had placed Florence in a boarding school; therefore, being far-sighted, he was always ready for a surprise—knew where he was going to live and what he was going to do. 2—He had business connections, though under an assumed name; no man can carry a million dollars in banks and still be an unknown quantity; these commercial connections no doubt included a capable lawyer, or a number of them, and possibly a trust company that knew all the facts about Florence, as well as about any money or securities for her upkeep—such as an annuity, for instance, which would keep the principal absolutely safe from Black Hundred greed and intrigue. 3—He had access to his own home at all times, through his likeness to Jones. 4—He had some "inside" information about the plans and deeds of the Black Hundred; he did not possess all the facts, as is proved by his surprise regarding the counterfeit money, by his inability to protect Florence from the conspirators in numerous instances, and by his failure to discover the plots hatched by Braine and Olga in the Countess' apartment. 5—No matter how well justified he may have been, still Hargreave was a traitor to the Black Hundred; hence, he had great cunning and was the sort of man who might have been a great criminal had circumstances warranted; a successful secret agent or detective had he so willed. 6—He did not care to dig up the past and make it public, but suffered in silence and fought in the shadows of the background. 7—At all times he had every convenience and

What Purpose is Back of This Watchfulness?

facility at hand, chief among which was plenty of money. 8—His love for Florence, being greater than all else, is a pretty safe index that he will come back in due time and "live happily ever after;" in real life he could easily meet his death; in the pictures, that would not meet with the favor of the public. 9—When the time arrives, he should say, "Florence, my daughter, here is your million dollars; it has been right here all the while!" 10—Every time the Black Hundred members are routed, Hargreave is a little nearer his opportunity to come back. Once this is achieved, there will be no longer need for the story. That means that it will probably not occur until late in the twenty-second episode. What happens in the meantime will give you the working basis for your solution. Can you make it a good ten thousand dollars' worth?

(TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE)

Movies as an Industry

THERE are from sixteen thousand to twenty thousand motion picture theaters in the United States, writes Frederick C. Howe in the Outlook. They entertain from seven million to twelve million persons daily, or from two billion to three billion persons in a year; 150 million dollars is invested in motion picture productions, upon which the American public spends approximately 300 million dollars a year. The average cost of films is one dollar a foot. It may run up to eight or ten dollars a foot. The production of the film "Richard III" cost $30,000. One thousand actors, two hundred horses, a three-masted warship crowded with soldiers, and five battle scenes were included in the production. "From the Manger to the Cross" cost more than $200,000.

The largest film plant in the world is in California. It turns out fourteen complete plays every week; it employs 220 regularly salaried actors and actresses and six directors. In addition there are over five hundred to six hundred other people employed. The company uses 1,200 acres of land in the staging of its productions, and sends out fourteen thousand feet of negatives every week, which are shipped to studios in New York, where from 150,000 to 200,000 feet of positive films are made.

In Dallas, Tex., it has been estimated that one-third of the population goes to motion picture shows daily; that in Cleveland, O., one-fifth goes each day. In Chicago there are 650 motion picture theaters, and fifty vaudeville houses in addition which show films. There

The Lonergan Family Circle

(Continued from page 25)

and Street & Smith and Munsey's publications are the mediums of distribution. He is a charter member of the Photoplayers, Los Angeles; Photoplay Authors' League, Los Angeles, and Ed-Au Club, New York City. But best of all he is democratic. He likes to move about the studio and chat with everybody when he finds time. He listens to directors and actors about production improvement with a willing ear and everybody likes Phil.

To have been "invited" to write a scenario, while all the rest of us "real and near" have pried open the doors of an editor's sanctum in getting in, has been the unique record of Miss Elizabeth Lonergan, long known as a special writer of magazine calibre.

Phil Lang of the Kalem Company was responsible for Miss Lonergan's entrance into the game, and he was not sorry, for the result was "The Counterfeiter's Confederate," recently released by Kalem.

Suspense and heart interest, to Miss Lonergan's mind, are the two greatest elements in a photoplay. "Her Old Teacher," Biograph, has both elements and made a good release, and Miss Lonergan believes it to be her best story, but Phil Lonergan when he bought "The Shoemaker and the Doll" thought he had her masterpiece. However, that is simply a matter of opinion.

But Phil never bought but one script because he was afraid he'd be accused of showing favoritism, and the other nineteen, of the twenty the gentler member of the writer family wrote, easily found lodgment on editorial desks. Just now Miss Lonergan is not writing scripts, but expects to continue later, her entire time being taken by her writings for magazines.

She was born in New York City and is a typical New York City girl. She graduated from the Girls' High School, a convent in Illinois and Pratt Institute and since then has made a big name for herself as a special writer, although she has had newspaper connection of no small concern, the New York World and others claiming her services.

Perhaps her best known work was with the Strand, where she did a series of ten articles on Grand Opera Prima Donnas. Her work has appeared, also, in Cosmopolitan, Ladies' Field, Harper's, Munsey's and others.

Her work in the screen field has been all original subjects, and she finds the morning hours her best working time and writes continuously. She works from an outline, usually, and sticks to the one script until it is polished up, finding it better than to work on more than one at a time.

She now contributes, in the newspaper line, to New York World, Chicago Tribune, Boston Herald and is an officer in the Women's Press Club, New York, and a member of the Illinois Press. She is a rapid worker and her working time is not gauged by the face of the clock. She believes in letting the writing of comedy go to the makers of the Keystone stuff, devoting her exceptional talents to drama, and although she has not written but a fraction of the number of scripts that the Lonergan family has produced, she is as well known in the literary field. Her latest connection is with the New York Star of which she is motion picture editor under the signature of "Wig-Wag."

The world owes a lot to the Lonergans—Makers of Movies and Mirth, and the aspiring playwright would do well to plug along as faithfully as they have done and realize that merit, not pull, was responsible in putting them upon pinacles where they stand head and shoulders above others in the screen field.

"I AIN'T MAD AT NOBODY"
With Apologies to Briggs

The Making of an Actress

(Continued from page 16)

He laughed at her. And, as he had done that other time, he reached out and covered her hand with his. But now she snatched it away.

"Not here!" she gasped, in a strangled tone. "Wait—please! Wait until we are away from here . . . "

They did not linger over their coffee. Vera wanted to. She was in deadly fear of him now. She knew what she had been trying to hide from herself all these weeks of her flight. She was in love with him. And she was not of those who can withhold when once they love. His word was to be her law henceforth; she knew that, and she gloried in the knowledge, even while she was afraid.

"There's a contract for you to sign, by the way," he said, with a studied sort of indifference, while the waiter went for the change. "I've been carrying it about for weeks. A hundred and fifty a week—with a provision for readjustment of the terms after six months. You can look it over later. But it's a pretty good contract. I had my own lawyer work on it."

She looked her wonder. And then he broke out.

"Lord!" he cried. "I don't believe you understand, even yet! You don't owe me anything! It's all in you! Do you suppose I could get you a contract like that because I wanted to do you a favor? The first work, with the Climax—yes! I could have done that for anyone. But this is different. You're not dependent on me. You don't need to consider me at all. Do you get that? You can quit at the end of the six months—and they'll be falling all over one another trying to sign you up!"

There was something shameless about his procedure when they were in the car again. He turned off at the first side road that looked as if it might be properly deserted. It had no lights—there was only a faint moon. And within half a mile he stopped the car. He turned to her, then, and found her waiting. His arm went about her.

"Ah!" he cried, with a sort of exultation, as she yielded her lips. "Ah!"

"You're not afraid!" he said, a moment later, wonder in his tone. "After all the things I used to say—all the low, sophisticated things I tried to make you believe—"

"I don't care!" she sobbed. "I'm what you've made me! Why should I care? You've done everything for me . . . "

"Oh, my dear!" he said, gently. "You've pulled me up by the roots! You've dragged me away from the weeds that were choking my growth, and planted me in clean soil again! It's I who owe everything to you! And I want to owe more. I want you to marry me tomorrow—I'd say to-night, only we can't! Will you?"

(The End)

Anna Luther, the pretty Lubin leading Lady, lately won a tango contest at the Hotel Rudolf in Atlantic City, and intends to compete in the maxixe and tango contests at the Hotel Shelbourne in which the prize will be a Paige runabout. She is practicing daily in hopes of winning the car, and her friends are daily asking, in case of her hopes coming true, that each of them shall be the first to runabout with her.

West Coast Studio Jottings

News of the Photoplayers in Southern California

By Richard Willis

I HATE to tell tales out of school, but this is a fish story and therefore exempt from ordinary ethics. F. A. Kelsey, Eddie Dillon, R. A. Walsh, Bobby Harron, Donald Crisp, Arthur Ward, Jack Adolfi, Eugene Pallette, F. A. Turner, and Sam De Grasse went afishing last Sunday—spent all day at it and came home too late to be able to buy any trophies at a market. Nary a bite had they, and, what is more, several of them enjoyed acute seasickness—no, I will not mention special names.

The war is claiming some of the actors from Los Angeles, and this week C. Rhys Pryce, a familiar figure around the studios, and Anthony Hammond of the Kalem company left for Canada, where they will join the reservists for the front.

J. Francis Dillon is now directing Carlyle Blackwell and is doing it very effectively. The first picture is about finished and already comes "The Man Who Could Not Lose" from the story by Richard Harding Davis. Carlyle is tickled to death to be back in Los Angeles again. He does not like New York any more —says it is "dance mad," so you can't have any real fun.

G. P. Hamilton is expected back again soon and the Albuquerque Company will be at it again. Dot Farley will have to stop tending those flowers and riding Hell Cat into the mountains. Pardon, Hell Cat is a pet horse who once had a vicious nature but who now eats out of Dot's hand.

Lee Moran, the bright young comedian with the Al. E. Christie, Nestor Comedy Company, was in Chicago for a visit recently. It is the first time in five years that he has been home, and it is to be regretted that the occasion was the funeral of a brother. Lee was young when he left home to go on the stage and he had a joyous reception from his immediate family after these five years. If it hadn't been for Nestor comedies, which they never miss, they wouldn't have known him.

Harold Lockwood writes me that he has had to draw the line at a certain gift, or rather at a certain prospective gift, and that he mortally offended the would-be donor. The gift happened to be a full-sized Newfoundland dog. Now Harold lives in apartments, none too large, and even if he could see turning the bathroom into a kennel, the dog couldn't have got in, hence the refusal.

Margarita Fischer 'phoned me that if I did not go up to Santa Barbara and get lots of news about the Beauty company, she would cut me off her visiting list, so I'm off and will have lots of Santa Barbara news next week for a change.

I found E. D. Horkheimer back at the Balboa studios, whilst H. M. is in New York. The former has recently returned from Europe and believes that the war will greatly help American films. The home market must be supplied, and when the war trouble is over there will be a rush of films to the other side and exports will continue, anyhow.

Everyone knows Ben Deely and Marie Wayne, who have been trotting around the country for ten years now with "The New Bellboy." The Deely person has ideas of doing the adventures of Ima Simp, detective, in a series of films with Marie opposite himself. The films will be made at the Balboa studios and will be released through that company. William Wolbert will direct and Charles Dudley will be a member of the company. Charles is the man who acts and draws rude pictures of those who act with him.

William D. Taylor continues his policy of advancement at the same studios and is putting on one feature after another. He is at present engaged upon a three-reeler, "At Police Headquarters," in which he takes the lead and has Neva Gerber, Jack Bryce, Nell Franzen, and Billy Beckway, the camera man, with him. Taylor says that Billy is giving him some of the best camera work he has ever seen.

Edna Maison tells a true and very pretty story connected with her frequent visits to San Diego. There is a blind newspaper seller in the station there and Edna stopped several times and talked with him, for she is always ready with the sympathy which means so much to those who are afflicted. Once after she had been away for two weeks, he said, as she walked up to him, "Here is your paper, Miss Maison—glad to hear you back." He had come to know the sound of her footstep.

Poor Ed. J. Le Saint, he seems to be cussed with bad luck, as far as his car goes. He made a trip to San Diego and all went well, but it took over twelve hours to return—what with blowouts and an iniquitous sandbank. The machine is in the shops again and Ed. is walking to the studio mornings.

Eastern Studio News

Gossip of the Players In and Around New York

PHILIP LONERGAN, Thanhouser and Princess scenario editor, has an innocent looking cottage out in the vacant lot behind the studio. He intends to have it burned, knocked off of its props, or otherwise destroyed just as soon as he can decide on an excuse for its destruction. It will, of course, be worked into one of his scenarios. As is his usual habit, he will probably pick out his best friend at the studio for the victim under the wreckage when it falls.

L. Rogers Lytton is a most villainous villain during working hours at the Vitagraph Flatbush studio. But when quitting time comes he ceases to be a heartless scoundrel and not only has tastes and recreations like a regular person, but travels all the way out to Manhattan Beach armed with a swimming suit to indulge in them. Some of Mr. Lytton's best "heavy" parts are in "Shadows of the Past" and as the Chief of Police in "My Official Wife."

Sidney Bracey and his June bride have pledged allegiance to New Rochelle as their "home" town hereafter, notwithstanding the fact that New York is just forty-five minutes away. Mr. Bracey, who is Jones, the butler, in "The Million Dollar Mystery," and his wife have taken apartments in Beacon Hall, which is right next door to the studio and within easy reach of the Sound where the Bracey motorboat is located.

When Walter Perkins began work on "My Friend From India" at the Edison studio, he was told that if he stepped outside of the tapeline he was out of the picture. Of course Mr. Perkins had no intentions of being left out of his own picture, so when he was crowded for room he just pushed the lines out a little bit.

Harry Benham has eliminated the "high cost of living" subject from the topics of conversation in the Benham household. His method is simple. He boards his newly purchased Ford (high caliber), and does all his table shopping at the farms around New Rochelle. In one of the latest Thanhouser pictures, called "Harry's Waterloo," Mr. Benham played all of the parts, thirteen in number, and appeared as often as four times in some scenes. In one of them he impersonates both a woman and a man and invites himself to sit on his own lap—which he does.

Harry Palmer, cartoonist, and well known for his "Babbling Bess" creations, has sailed for the war zone of Europe in the interest of the Centaur Film Company. His destination is Liege, where he intends to make a number of sketches of the battles. After "The Siege of Liege," which is to be the name of the first picture, he will journey to whatever point promises the best opportunities for sketching and shipping. Considering Mr. Palmer's experience in dodging bullets in the Boxer uprising in China and the Spanish-American War, the chances of coming out of the present trouble unscathed are much in his favor.

Robert Conness has returned to the Edison company after some months' absence and will now appear regularly in Edison releases. Mr. Conness began work with the Edison people about five years ago after a brilliant career on the legitimate stage. Some time ago he became engaged in a large theatrical production and was compelled to forsake the screen for a brief period; but he is now back at work in the Bronx studio and has already appeared in several pictures. One of his best is "The Blue Coyote Cherry Crop."

Lloyd Lonergan, Thanhouser production chief, was forced to abandon his contemplated trip to Yellowstone Park and return to New Rochelle because of the tragic death of C. J. Hite. Mr. Lonergan had reached Chicago before the time the news reached him. The rest of the company, including Mignon Anderson and Morris Foster, continued westward.

In one of the features of the Alice Joyce series soon to be released the popular Alice will wear a gown valued at $3,000 and jewels worth a cool million (dollars). If the costume for the picture were as staggering as its total value Miss Joyce would have to be helped into the set. The jewels are to be loaned by a Fifth avenue jeweler, and the gown is being made by "Lucille" (Lady Duff-Gordon), and will be one of the greatest creations of that fashionable modiste.

One recent Saturday night Clara Kimball Young attended Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theater with the intention of seeing "My Official Wife" (in which she plays the lead) from the spectators' point of view. But, unluckily for her purpose, she was discovered and applauded for fully three minutes. She finally responded by ascending the stage and making a short speech, much to the delight of the patrons.

Dustin Farnum has lately been a familiar figure on Broadway now that "The Virginian" has been completed at the Lasky Hollywood studio. The West has long been acknowledged as possessing beauty in its pure, unadulterated form, but as soon as the stage folk are through with their work there they hasten east with just one outlined idea—to see old Broadway, and Mr. Farnum was no exception. His first few days in the East were busily spent in shaking hands and trading tales of experiences with his many New York friends.

Evelyn Nesbit Thaw is now busy at the Lubin Philadelphia and Betzwood studios working in "Threads of Destiny," in which she is to be featured. The well-known comedian, Fred Mace, has signed a contract with her for the production, and it is being made at the Lubin studios by special arrangement with Siegmund Lubin.

Information Department

Answers to Questions about Plays and Players

HAZEL K. P., SEATTLE, WASH.—Grace Cunard and Francis Ford are not married. Each is supposed to be single. Most of the successful photoplay stars are graduates of the legitimate stage, where they learned their art through years and years of actual experience.

WILLA H., HUTCHINGTON, KAN.—None of the four players you mention are married so far as we know. A chat with Vera Sisson will probably appear in some future issue of either MOVIE PICTORIAL or PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

WILFRED MCA., SYRACUSE, N. Y.—The player you refer to in that picture was Leo White.

BLUE P., WILMETTE, ILL.—"Gold Seal" is the name of one of the Universal brands of film and the pictures released under that trademark or name are made at the Universal Film Manufacturing Company's studio located near Los Angeles, California. Address a letter to Miss Cunard, care of the Universal Film Manufacturing Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

ZOE G., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Kathlyn Williams' name is now Kathlyn Williams again, for she recently secured a divorce from Mr. Moore, her second husband. No, you are mistaken about that little girl in the Rex pictures. Don't think Francis Ford and Victoria Forde are any relation. One's name is spelled "Ford" you will note, while the other writes it "Forde."

GEORGE B. J., JR., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Mary Pickford is working now only in Famous Players releases. The Biograph and Imp releases now being exhibited in which Mary plays leading roles are reprints of old negatives, made when Mary was in the employ of the Biograph and Imp companies. Some of them are two and three years old, but the prints are new ones, so they are as clear and free from rain as new films would be. The actress appearing as "Shirley Rossmore" in Lubin's "The Lion and the Mouse" is Miss Ethel Clayton. Her photo has been published and probably a chat with her will appear in some future issue.

TRIXIE ST. C., ST. LOUIS, MO.—In answering a question of yours in a recent issue our attention has been called to the fact that through a mistake on our part you were told that "The Million Dollar Mystery" will appear in 26 parts, each of two reels, or 52 reels in all. We would now explain that the story is to run in 22 parts and a twenty-third release later on, so that but 46 reels will be released.

TRIXSENE S., OSHKOSH, WIS.—Francis Bushman can be addressed care Essanay Film Manufacturing Company, Chicago, Illinois. James Cruze is the husband of Marguerite Snow in private life. We don't reply to questions by letter, so that is why your answers appear here.

TEDDIE L., BATON ROUGE, LA.—Grace Cunard's name in private life is Grace Cunard. A photo of her can doubtless be obtained by writing the New York office of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, 1600 Broadway, New York City. Her address is care of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, Los Angeles, California.

MRS. IRMA F. G., VANCOUVER, B. C.—It is Owen Moore, not Tom Moore, who is Mary Pickford's husband. Yes, Owen, Tom and Matt Moore are all related. Mary Pickford can be reached by addressing her care of the Famous Players Film Company, New York City.

HOMER H., MINERAL POINT, WIS.—Jack Richardson is still appearing in American films, made at Santa Barbara, California. You are right in thinking he used to play villains opposite Jack Kerrigan. Kerrigan is now with the Universal, but Richardson is still with American.

RALPH E. H., SULPHUR SPRINGS, TEX.—No, Florence LaBadie is not married. Can't give you the names of the players you ask for. They were just supernumeraries and their names do not appear in the cast sheets.

"ZEALOUS," ASHVILLE, N. C.—No, Annette Kellerman is not a "regular" motion picture actress, if by regular you mean one who earns her living by appearing in the films. She was specially engaged for the one production "Neptune's Daughter," in which she played the title role. You are mistaken about Anita Stewart and Billy Quirk.

"INTERESTED"—Florence LaBadie has been a member of the Thanhouser Company for more than three years. James Cruze, in private life, is the husband of Marguerite Snow.

ALICE, ASTORIA, ORE.—Dorothy Davenport is now appearing with a new film manufacturing concern known as Thistle Photoplays. The pictures are being made in Los Angeles, California. Ethel Grandin, in private life, is Mrs. Smallwood. Marguerite Snow and Florence LaBadie are really the best of friends. You mustn't imagine that just because Marguerite is trying to kidnap or injure Florence in "The Million Dollar Mystery" she treats her that way outside the studio.

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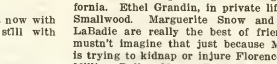

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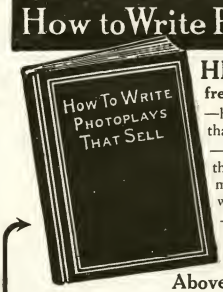

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